Correspondence July-December 1892
Sarah Orne Jewett and her Circle

by

Sarah Orne Jewett

Edited by Terry Heller
Coe College

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Editorial Practice in Transcriptions

^ ^ : The author has inserted text.

~~abc~~ : The author has deleted text.

[ ] : Editorial comments and descriptions.

{ } : Editorial insertions in pursuit of clarity.

Jewett's periods often appear as dashes, and also often are indistinguishable from commas. Where her intentions seem clear, I have placed commas and periods; when not sure I have given the dashes or included a note.

Like many of her correspondents, Jewett is not consistent in using other punctuation, especially apostrophes. I have presented words needing apostrophes as she and her correspondents present them.

Translations from French

Several letters in this volume were composed in French. I have included both translations and transcriptions of the French.

With the assistance of Jeannine Hammond, Coe College Professor of French, emerita, I have transcribed and translated these letters using Google Translate. While Professor Hammond's aid was obviously necessary for correcting my crude translations, her sharp eyes and fluency were essential when making out the handwriting of Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc, especially in cross-written passages.

Mme. Blanc sometimes abbreviates "pour" to "pr" and "vous" to "vs." Such instances in her letters are rendered as "pour" and "vous."

As nearly as practical, these transcriptions mirror the appearance of the manuscripts. However, I cannot guarantee they are free of errors. Readers wishing for certainty when working with these letters should consult the manuscripts.

Internet Access to this Text

The Internet Archive

and

Sarah Orne Jewett Text Project
https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/1-jewettpress/index-sojp.html

Jewett and Fields Travel in Europe — 27 February - about 4 October 1892

During more than half of 1892, Sarah Orne Jewett and Annie Adams Fields traveled together ion their second European tour together. They spent all of the spring and summer in Italy, France and England. During this trip, they met Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc in person for the first time, after years of correspondence.

A substantial portion of this collection is the group of letters Mary Rice Jewett sent to her sister. Mary Jewett had made her own tour of Europe just three years earlier, in 1889. Her memories were vivid, and she was especially interested in her sister's travels to familiar places. Mainly, however, Mary Jewett kept her sister informed about "the particulars" of life in South Berwick, reporting on family events and the health and doings of local friends and acquaintances.

While Jewett and Fields were away, there were two major deaths: Jewett's brother-in-law in March and one of their closest friends, John Greenleaf Whittier on 7 September.

The most important family event during this period was the sudden death of Edwin Eastman on 18 March. He left behind his wife, Caroline, the youngest of the Jewett sisters, and their son, Theodore. Devastated, Mary Jewett nevertheless took hold, called in helpers and so organized their lives that she could repeatedly assure Sarah Jewett that she need not cut short her travels.

At this time, the Jewetts' immediate family consisted of the three sisters and Theodore. Since the deaths of their parents and a paternal uncle, they had occupied the two neighboring houses that now comprise the Sarah Orne Jewett House and Museum in South Berwick, ME. The older two sisters lived in the 18th-century corner house that is now the Sarah Orne Jewett House. The newer house, next door, now the Jewett Museum, had been the home of their family until 1887; this house had contained the office of their father, Dr. Theodore H. Jewett. After the death of their uncle, William D. Jewett, in 1887, Mary and Sarah Jewett moved into the corner house, and Caroline Eastman and her family moved into the sisters' childhood home.

Persons and Animals Most often Mentioned in these Letters

Mary Jewett's reports of family and local news consisted of some discrete events and a few continuing stories. The following list is meant to aid in following these letters as well as others of this year. A more fully annotated "Key to Correspondents" appears in a separate volume and on the internet here:

https://www.sarahornejewett.org/soj/let/Corresp/1-persons.html

Most people mentioned in this volume are identified in that list.

The Jewett Households

Nicknames for Sarah and Mary Jewett. Sarah Jewett is sometimes called Pinny, Seddy or Siddie. Mary Jewett is sometimes addressed as O.P.

Caroline Augusta Eastman (Carrie / Caddy). Youngest of the three Jewett sisters.

Edwin Eastman. Husband of Caroline and father of Theodore, he was the proprietor and pharmacist of a South Berwick drug store. He died unexpectedly on 18 March 1892. Mary Jewett reports visits to his mother, **Abby Smith Eastman**, in Exeter, NH.

Theodore (Stubby / Thidder / Thider). Caroline Jewett's 12-year-old son.

John Tucker. Chief family retainer, manager of the grounds and livestock.

Annie Collins: A family retainer, chief household helper in Mary and Sarah Jewett's house.

Jewett Livestock

Horses: Princess, Ticky, perhaps also called Dick, Jane / Jen Ann / Jinny. During this period, a pony named Betty is obtained for Theodore.

Dog: Timmy. At one time, the Jewetts had a bird named Bobby, and they may also have had a dog by this name.

Helpers after Edwin Eastman's death

Hannah Driscoll: A frequent family helper, a nurse of Uncle William D. Jewett in his final year. She seems to be related to Annie Collins. In April, there seems to have been a family emergency, the serious pneumonia of an "uncle," who may have been **James/Jimmy Collins**, father to both Annie Collins and Mary Driscoll and, perhaps, an uncle to Hannah Driscoll. It appears as well that Hannah Driscoll had a ne'er-do-well brother, Will/William Collins. Though it seems clear these people are related, the details remain obscure.

Liddy/Lyddy: This may be a Jewett cousin, Elizabeth (Liddy) Jervis Gilman of Brunswick, ME.

Susy. Probably this was cousin Susan Jameson Jewett (1857-1954). Her mother, whom the Jewett sisters call "**Aunt Susan**," also was named Susan Jameson Jewett.

Fanny Linton. This may be the Fanny Linton who operated a millinery business in South Berwick, ME in 1877. Or she may be Frances Jane Linton (1838-1902) of nearby Dover, NH., daughter of Lucina (1802-1885), sister of Anna Linton Waldron (1835-1901) and Mary A. Linton (1840-1902).

Lizzie. Probably this was a neighbor and frequent family helper, Elizabeth Cutts Parks (1831-1918).

Mrs. Pray: This neighbor and frequent helper has not yet been identified.

Main Correspondents and Other Frequently Mentioned People

Thomas Bailey Aldrich: (1836-1907), author and editor of *Atlantic Monthly*. Jewett also wrote often to his wife, **Lilian Woodman Aldrich** (1841-1927).

Annie and Caroline Barker: Caroline March Barker (1833- 16 April 1892), according to Find a Grave. Buried in the same cemetery in Rochester, NH, is Caroline Barker's first cousin, Anna Simpson Barker (1834-1921). It seems likely that she is the Annie Barker of these letters, then residing in South Berwick.

Mary Elizabeth Gray Bell / Little Aunt / Aunt Gov. (14 April 1826- 3 February 1904) was one of the Jewetts' two favorite "Aunt Marys." Mary Jewett regularly reported this family's news in her letters to Sarah Jewett. Residents of Exeter, NH, they summered on the coast at Little Boar's Head, NH.

Mary Bell's second marriage was to New Hampshire senator and governor **Charles Henry Bell** (1823- 11 November 1893). Her first husband was Joseph Taylor Gilman (1812-1862), who was the youngest brother of Nicholas Gilman (1799-1840), Jewett's great-great-grandfather. Charles H. Bell first married Sarah Almira Gilman (1827-1850), who was the daughter of Nicholas Gilman, and they had two daughters: **Helen / Nelly / Herring** (1848-1909) who married Harold North Fowler (1859-1955), and **Mary Persis, usually called Persis**, (1850-1930), who married Hollis Russell Bailey (1852-1934). Their daughter was **Gladys Loring Bailey** (1887-1915).

Among the children of Joseph T. Gilman and Mary E. G. Bell, were Mary Long Gilman (1860-1917) and Edward Harrison Gilman (1855-1 March 1901), who married Jennie Lois Crosby (1861-1915).

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc (1840-1907), French author, translator, and critic.

Matilda Buffum Burleigh (1823-1911) was a South Berwick neighbor. Jewett regularly reported on this family building a new house.

Mary Harriet Denny (1840-1913) was a close friend of Mary Rice Jewett. She was the sister of Augusta Maria Denny Tyler, wife of a local physician, and she made one of Mary Jewett's party during her 1889 tour of Europe. In the 1890s, the sisters resided in Boston.

In these letters as well as Mary Jewett's letters from Europe in 1889, a person named "George" appears frequently, as if he were a relative. However, no living close relative of this name has yet been discovered. FamilySearch indicates that their brother George Parkman Denny (1826-1885) was deceased. One of his sons was George Kirkman Denny (1877-1939), too young at this time to be traveling abroad alone.

Louisa Loring Dresel (1864-1958), painter, photographer, traveler, a neighbor of Annie Fields.

Annie Adams Fields is sometimes referred to as A.F.

Mrs. Goodwin: The activities of this person are mentioned in nearly every letter by Mary Jewett. However, there were so many Goodwins living in and around South Berwick in 1892, that I have not been able to determine which one this is. The same is the case for virtually all of the other Goodwins mentioned in these letters.

Annie Elizabeth Johnson (1826-1894). She was the organizer and leader of the 1889 tour of Europe that included Mary Jewett. She had served as principal of the Bradford Academy in Haverhill, MA. There are conflicting accounts of her career, one of which places her at her own private school in Boston in 1892, but these letters make clear that she was still at Bradford in 1892. It appears that at this time, there was a typhoid outbreak at Bradford, closing it at least temporarily, and leaving her at loose ends, during which she visited Mary Jewett in South Berwick. Typhoid fever is spread by ingesting the feces of an infected person, often through contaminated water.

George Lothrop Lewis was pastor at First Church Congregational in South Berwick. Jewett reports regularly on the progress of the family's building and moving into a new house.

Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry / Auntie / Aunty: Jewett regularly reported on the extended Perry family, their maternal relatives in Exeter, NH. Often mentioned are:

Dr. William Gilman Perry, often called William, Lucretia's husband.
Dr. William Perry, his father.
Frances Perry, their daughter.
Dr. John Taylor Perry, Dr. William Perry's brother.
Sarah Chandler Perry, Dr. John's spouse.

Ellen Augusta Lord Rollins (1835-1922) was a South Berwick friend of the family. She probably is the "Mrs. Rollins" often mentioned in the letters.

Jane Sewall: The Sewall family were Jewett neighbors. They included Jotham Sewall (1847-1922) and his sisters, **Helen D. Sewall (**1845-1922) and **Jane Sewall** (1849-1952). See Pirsig, *The Placenames of South Berwick*, p. 75 and Find a Grave.

Celia Laighton Thaxter: (1835-1894), American author and artist.

Tompy: This young friend of Theodore Jewett Eastman has not yet been identified.

Lizzie Wakefield, Mrs. Wakefield, and the Wakefields are mentioned fairly often, nearly always as visitors in the village. I have found no other information about them.

Hetta: Hetta Lord Hayes Ward, sister of William Hayes Ward.

Sarah de St. Prix Wyman Whitman: (1842-1904), American artist and designer of several Jewett book covers.

John Greenleaf Whittier: (1807-1892), American poet, frequently called "Thy Friend." Often mentioned in letters to and from him are members of his family: Joseph Cartland (1810-1898) and Whittier's cousin **Gertrude Cartland** (1822-1911) accompanied Whittier traveled together in summers, and he lived in their home at Newburyport, MA, for most of his last fifteen winters. **Phebe Woodman** (1869-1953), adopted daughter of Whittier's cousin Abby Johnson Woodman (1828-1921). Whittier's nephew **James Lewis Caldwell** (1839-1895) married Adelaide McClung (1843-1902). **Elizabeth Hussey** (1843-1909) was the daughter of Whittier's brother **Matthew** and namesake of his sister. She married Samuel T. Pickard, editor of the Portland *Transcript* and, later, biographer of Whittier. See *Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* v. 1, p. 337, *Memorabilia of John Greenleaf Whittier,* by Richard Cary.

Rebecca Young: A close family friend and neighbor who provided much help after Mr. Eastman's death. She seems to have been visited during the period by a relative, **Lizzie/Elizabeth Young**.

About the Manuscripts

In most cases, the location of a letter's manuscript is included in the accompanying notes.

However, unless noted otherwise, all of the letters by Mary Rice Jewett are held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (115) Jewett, Mary Rice, 1847-1930. 115 letters; 1885-1908 & [n.d.], 1885-1908. The transcriptions of these letters are from photocopies held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 4, Folder 159, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

I have chosen not to trouble the Houghton Library to provide higher quality copies of these many manuscripts, and this has some negative consequences. Portions in pencil or faded ink are very difficult to read. Some of the scans available from MWWC missed small parts of some pages, resulting in extra guesswork in transcribing. In my judgment, these losses were acceptable for this particular set of letters. Should future scholars need more accurate transcriptions, they should consult the originals in the Houghton. Indeed, this is always the case, for I am as prone to error as any human.

Readers will note a number of eccentricities in these letters that I have tried to present as they appear. Perhaps most obvious is the inconsistent uses of apostrophes and quotation marks. Often apostrophes are omitted. Fairly often quotations begin and end with different marks, e.g. "mark.' When it seems important for clarity, I have added punctuation inside braces{.}

I am indebted to archivists and their helpers at all the institutions from which manuscript copies were obtained.

A Rough Itinerary of the Trip

22 February, Monday — Jewett wrote to Francis Jackson Garrison that she would sail within a week.

26 February, Friday — Jewett wrote to Louisa Dresel that she was about to depart.

27 February, Saturday — Embarkation from New York City, destination Genoa, Italy.
Jewett sent her sister Mary a note from on board the *Werra* before sailing.

28 February — Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc wrote to Jewett, looking forward to meeting her and Annie Fields for the first time and asking for their itinerary.

4 March — Fields wrote to Whittier from Gibraltar, reporting on the crossing.

8 March — Jewett telegraphed sister Mary from Gibraltar, reporting a rough crossing. As this was a leap-year, the trip took about 11 days.

18 March — Death of Edwin Calvin Eastman, husband of Jewett's younger sister, Caroline.

20 March — Jewett wrote to Emma Harding Claflin Ellis from the Hotel Bristol in Rome. She reported visiting Genoa, Siena, Pisa, and Orvieto.

25 March — Jewett wrote to Louisa Dresel from Rome. She was then ill with tonsillitis.

1-2 April — Annie Fields wrote to John Greenleaf Whittier and Thomas Bailey Aldrich from Rome.

17 April — Sometime not long before this date, Mme. Blanc wrote to Jewett, who was somewhere in Italy, about arrangements for when Jewett and Fields were to come to France. She expected them in late June.
Soon after this date, Blanc wrote again, with information about their projected visit to Aix-les-Bains. At that point, Jewett and Fields had left Rome.

April — a Thursday. Jewett wrote to Alice Greenwood Howe from Venice.

30 April — Fields received an invitation to dine with author and translator Linda White Mazini Villari in Florence.

11 May — Jewett wrote to Dr. William Wilberforce Baldwin from Venice, reporting on how his treatment of their various ills in Florence has led to their improvement.

20 May — Jewett wrote to her sisters from Venice, with a circumstantial account of her sight-seeing.

27 May — Jewett wrote to Dr. Baldwin from Aix-les-Bains, with a report on her medical progress.

30 May — Jewett wrote to Susan Manning Haven from Aix-les-Bains, reporting on stays in Rome and Venice.

June — Jewett wrote to Alice Greenwood Howe from Aix-les-Bains, reporting visits to the Grande Chartreuse, Chamonix, and Martigny.

14 June — Jewett wrote to Louisa Dresel from Aix-les-Bains.

3 July — Jewett wrote to an unknown recipient from Paris.

6 July — Mme. Blanc sent a short note to Annie Fields about their plans for a trip to Barbizon.

8 July — Jewett wrote to Sarah Wyman Whitman from Barbizon, where Mme. Blanc had joined her and Fields.

9 July — Jewett wrote to Alice Greenwood Howe and John Greenleaf Whittier from Barbizon.

14 July — Robert Collyer wrote Fields from Leeds, UK, anticipating a visit from Jewett and Fields.

27 July — George du Maurier wrote to Jewett from London, anticipating her arrival on this day.

August — Fields wrote to Thomas Bailey Aldrich from London, saying that they would sail home beginning 22 September. In about a week, they planned to go to Whitby and then Scotland.

13 August — Mary Augusta Ward wrote to Annie Fields, anticipating that Jewett and Fields would visit her at her country home in about a week.

20 August — Jewett wrote to Sarah Wyman Whitman, reporting that she had been in Yorkshire, visiting Robert Collyer, in Surrey visiting Alfred Lord Tennyson, and at Tring visiting Mary Augusta Ward. She expected to leave soon for Whitby to see George du Maurier, before continuing to Scotland. She and Fields planned to return on the *Cephalonia*, expecting to arrive home on about 2 October. The Cunard line SS Cephalonia was in service from 1882 to 1900. However, they eventually sailed on the SS *New England*.

21 August — Mary Augusta Ward wrote to Jewett from Stocks, noting that, due to illness, she failed to understand who Jewett was on the previous Saturday, 20 August.

23 August — Jewett wrote to Mary Augusta Ward from London.

7 September — the death of John Greenleaf Whittier.
Mme. Blanc wrote to Jewett and Fields.

11 September — Jewett wrote to Sarah Wyman Whitman from Edinburgh, Scotland, reporting visits to Canterbury and Whitby.

4 October — Jewett's aunt, Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry, wrote to welcome her home.

Sarah Orne Jewett to an unknown recipient

Paris. 3 July 1892

My dear Sir

I have received your pleasant letter and send [you *?*] my best thanks. I do not know that there was any relationship between my family and the late Mr John P. Jewett except perhaps the remote connection that came from his descent from the same

[*Page 2*]

original stock — a Yorkshire family that came very early to Massachusetts and settled in Rowley — We are descended from one of the brothers named Maximilian{.} I do not know any thing of Mr. J. P. Jewetts ancestry but at one time there was a meeting of the family* and I have an idea that the different branches were pretty carefully

[*Page 3, at right angle to page 2*]

traced.

Believe me with best acknowledgment
of your letter
Yours sincerely,
Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

meeting of the family: Jewett may refer to the family gathering at Rowley, MA on 14 June, 1855. Out of that came an extensive genealogical document: *History and Genealogy of the Jewetts of America*. Whether this text would answer the author's question is not known. John Punchard Jewett (1814-1884) was perhaps the best known Jewett of this name at this time; he was the head of the company that first published Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Mary Rice Jewett

Newburyport
July 5 1892.

Dear Friend,

I have lost the address of thy sister and Annie Fields and I would thank thee for it.

I have not heard from the dear travellers for some time{.} I hope they are well, and con-

[*Page 2*]

tinuing to enjoy their visit to the old world.

Cousin Gertrude sends love to them, and I am very truly thy friend.

John G. Whittier

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

Direct to me at Oak Knoll, Danvers{.}

Note

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 387, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett. In the folder with this letter is an envelope addressed to Jewett in South Berwick, cancelled on the front in Newburyport, MA. The readable cancellation on the back, in South Berwick, ME, is dated July 6.

Mary Rice Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

[*6 July 1892*]*

Dear Mr. Whittier:

I was just thinking of sending these letters for you to read when your letter came this morning. You should have had them sooner but they have been sent to an invalid cousin to read and were just returned.

I hope these pleasant days find you much stronger. I wish you could come here for a little change for old Berwick never was more beautiful.

Isn't it good that our travelers seem so happy?

Yours very truly
Mary R. Jewett

Wednesday
July 6th

Sarah's address is: Care J. S. Morgan & Co., 22 Old Broad St., London

Notes

1892: Jewett and Fields were traveling in France in July of 1892, but it seems clear their mail was going to London. This date is inferred from the Wednesday July 6th date that Mary gives. July 6 also fell on Wednesday in 1898, but in that summer, Mary and Theodore joined Jewett and Fields in France in July.

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories in the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Folder 74, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Annie Adams Fields

[*6 July 1892*]*

Dear Annie,

We are taking the 9:45 train from the Lyon Station, which is quite far from your house: you will have to leave nearly an hour in advance. You should wait for me to get tickets to Melun. In Melun, we can take a small coach or a private carriage on to Barbizon.* The mailing address there is:

Hotel Siron
Barbizon
par Chailly
Seine et Marne

Thinking of you.

[*Up the lower right margin*]

I'm bringing a trunk full of books.

Notes

1892: This official "Carte-Télégramme" postcard is addressed to Jewett at 53 or 54 Avenue d'Iena, Paris. It is postmarked 6 July 1892. Handwritten in the upper left is "Marceau" Th bb. The crossing of the capital "T" is extended over the "bb." Presumably, Blanc refers to the Avenue Marceau, and the initials signify: Thérèse Blanc-Bentzon.

Barbizon: Jewett and Fields spent several days, beginning on about 8 July 1892 in a cottage in Barbizon, France, seeing local sites of interest. They were drawn to this part of France by their admiration for the painting of the French Barbizon school painter, Jean-François Millet (1814-1875). The Hotel Siron, in Barbizon, is

remembered in part because British author, Robert Louis Stevenson, once stayed there.

A photocopy of the manuscript of this letter is held by Maine Women Writers Collection of the University of New England, Portland, ME: Burton Trafton Collection Box 2, Folder 90. The original is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA: b MS Am 1743, Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett, Blanc, Thérèse (de Solms) 1840-1907. 10 letters; 1892-1906 & [n.d.], 1892-1906, Identifier: (23).

Transcription

Chère Annie,

Nous prenons le train
de 9 h. 45 à la gare
de Lyon qui est très loin
de votre maison: il
faudra que vous partiez
près d'une heure à l'avance.
Vous m'attendrez pour prendre
les billets jusqu'à Melun.
A Melun on peut prendre
soit la petite diligence soit
une voiture particulière
qui conduit à Barbizon{.}
L'adresse pour les lettres
est hôtel Siron*
Barbizon
par Chailly
Seine et Marne
[Pensées à vous *?*]
[*Up the lower right margin*]
J'emporte une
malle avec des
livres tout plein.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett

Oak Knoll*
July 7 1892

My dear Friends
AF & S O. J

I suppose you are now at Aix les Bains{.} I ought to have answered A F's dear letter before this, but I have been feeling ill — a [sort *?*] of relapse of the grippe, I fancy — and I waited to feel in better condition for writing. I came here

[*Page 2*]

from [Amesbury *?*] where I have been staying for the last six weeks, of wet, & cold weather, with three or four hot days with the glass ranging from 90º to 100º — since the 4th* we are having charming days but rather cool for summer. The world was never greener.

My niece Mrs Pickard* has just got back from a delightful journey [*deleted word*: *mistake writing* "south"] south and west to [*unrecognized name*: Newhall *?*]

[*Page 3*]

Colorado and the Pacific slope. She thinks you can find nothing better in the old world. But how I wish I could have been with you in that wonderful Venice, or on your journey from Italy to France — with Mt Blanc behind you lifting his snowy cap as if to bid you farewell. I hope you will both find rest and health at the springs of Aix.

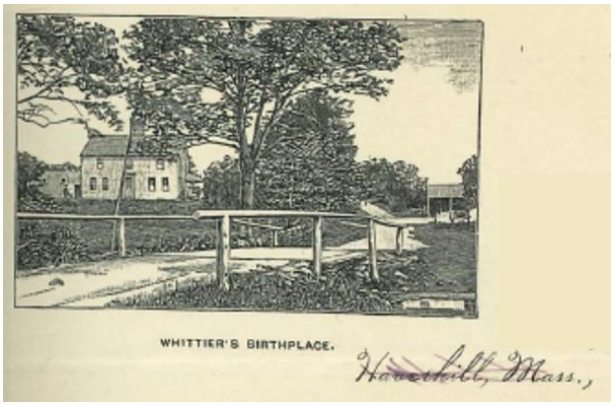
July 8. I have just had some of [Sarah's *?*] letters sent me by her

[*Page 4*]

sister.* I am sure I shall [*unrecognized word*] them, and follow you in your wanderings and share your adventures and sight-seeing. — I shall not undertake to go far away this summer. The Cartlands are going to Hampton Falls for two or three weeks and I may join them. I shall write soon to A.F. whose letters have been a great pleasure to me{,} With love to you both I am always your friend.

John G. Whittier

Notes



Oak Knoll: This letter is written on a special stationery with, in the upper left of page 1, an engraved image entitled "Whittier's Birthplace."

Centered on the page beneath the image is printed text that Whittier had deleted: "Haverhill, Mass.," and on the right margin after this text is a number, 18, which appears to have been added in black ink and in another hand.

4th: Whittier refers to July 4, Independence Day in the United States.

Pickard: Richard Cary says that Elizabeth Hussey (1843-1909) was the daughter of Whittier's brother Matthew and namesake of his sister. She assumed the other "Lizzie's" place in Whittier's household from 1864 to 1876, the year she married Samuel T. Pickard, editor of the Portland *Transcript* and, later, biographer of Whittier.

sister: See Mary Rice Jewett's letter to Whittier of 6 July 1892.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 1-5303.

Also included with this letter is a clipping of Whittier's poem, "The Wind of March." The poem apparently was reprinted from *The Independent*. Whittier included the composition or occasion date at the end: Newburyport, Third Mo. 4, 1892.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

July 8th 1892*

Now they live at Barbizon! in a little stone house covered with vines — you open a big gate on the narrow paved street and come into the courtyard that might almost be the farmyard at night painted by Millet that Mr Shaw has — * Millet's own house is only a stone's throw away and when they drove from the railway station at Melun they had to cross that well-known plain — almost as familiar as any place in Berwick! — and when they saw the low sunlight — the old church with its low pointed tower {,} the fields of green, the windings of

[*Page 2*]

the roads and the dark stretches of the forest of Fontainebleau they knew a golden pleasure and wished for you to share it — A.F. remembers about your having come here once which is a great joy to my heart but I wish and wish that you were here again and at this very moment. We stroll about in the forest and last night when we were returning from the plain and a long look at the faded sunset, there was such a pretty sight in the Barbizon street — some strolling players who had gathered most of the population of the town about their booth and kindly lighted up [*deleted word*] ^all the^ faces with a flaring torch or two. I have seen the very place (I think) where Millet painted

[*Page 3*]

my darling picture at Mr. Shaw's — of the piece of wild moorland and the gray rabbit! ----------

We came here with Madame Blanc who knows and loves the place very well: you must remember how I have been writing to her these many years without seeing her — and I can truly say that when I was [mounting *corrected*] her stairs my heart was heavy with fear of what might happen, but I do indeed love her very much. It was a very dangerous thing to see so old a friend for the first time but I cant say how perfectly delightful A. F. and I both find Madame Blanc and how we look forward to your knowing her and liking her too. I think it very likely that she will come to Boston with us or just after us this autumn

[*Page 4*]

She is French of the French is "Th. Bentzon" — and has been so associated with the best of French writers and people of letters that we [are *?*] all the time enchanted by what she has to say — She has brought down a package of George Sands' unprinted letters to herself as a young girl* to read to us which is a feast in itself — It is very dull of me to write all this. I felt quite like Mr. Lowell's fond bit of slang ^Oh^ [Hail *?*] a hall!"* a moment ago as I [wrote *corrected*] — but indeed being here and being here with her is most delightful.

You can't think how much better I am lately! I announce

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the fact with triumph and I am afraid you will think the letter cant be from me — you have had so many letters of groanings and despair. Every body said at Aix that you didn't feel much good from the baths until after three months or so, but I suddenly find myself more cheerful and I may say limber! than for a very long time before — It is pronounced to be rheumatic gout* that afflicts me, and probably always will more or less, and tired-out-ness is a symptom for it to be

discovered but while it is worse in some [thing's [*so written*] than either

[*Page 6*]

of the maladies which give it name in some other things it is better than either, and having [managed *corrected*] to get through with the worst it can do to me I now proceed to enjoy myself as a rheumatic gout patient at her best. ---- and now I have put me to the expense of a hall for the second time w[*ith*] one short letter — Never mind dear darling! which is to say, I know you wont mind.

We mean to stay in France until we have seen Ellen and Ida.* I am waiting to hear from Ellen now before we make any plans about leaving here, but

[*Page 7*]

at any rate we shall stay pretty well through next week. Tomorrow I suppose they sail. I saw Rose Lamb* day before yesterday looking so fresh and so bright and well. The three years [*deleted word*] ^abroad^ have really done wonders for her.

I can look through the door into A.F.'s room and there the dear thing is, sound asleep in her chair by the big window with a book in her lap. She does not look or seem much stronger than ever — Oh yes she does look better than in the winter when we came away, but I am always hoping that she will

[*Page 8*]

be a very great deal better. We have been in the forest the whole long morning. I send you her love just as if she were awake, and mine as if I were asleep! Goodbye dear, and I say bless you and Heaven keep you in every one of these days

Yours always
SOJ

I saw 3 Merrimans* last week in Paris — we dined with them as they stopped over a day on their way from England to Switzerland. Roger is such a funny great half-grown person just now, & much to be admired —

Notes

1892: This manuscript has been edited in pencil, with marks and words added, presumably by Annie Adams Fields when she was considering including parts of it in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911). I have ignored these items in making this transcription. Fields omitted parts of this letter in her collection.

farmyard at night ... Millet ... Mr Shaw: Quincy Adams Shaw (1825-1908) was a businessman who became one of the wealthiest men in Boston. He married Pauline Agassiz (1841-1917), daughter of the Swiss born Harvard naturalist, Louis Agassiz. Among the couple's many philanthropic activities was collecting art that eventually became part of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts collection. In the Shaw collection were many works by the French Barbizon school painter Jean-François Millet (1814-1875), including two pastels: "Farmyard at Night" and "The Rabbit-Warren." The latter probably is the work to which Jewett later refers as "my darling picture." See also: *Quincy Adams Shaw Collection: Italian Renaissance Sculpture: Paintings and Pastels by Jean François Millet*: Exhibition Opening April 18, 1918.

as a young girl: Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin (1804-1876), French novelist and playwright, wrote under the pseudonym, George Sand. Jewett appears to say that Madame Blanc reads from letters that Sand wrote to herself, that is, to Sand as a young girl. However no such work is known to exist. But George Sand did correspond with Madame Blanc, when Blanc was in her early 20s. These letters, in French, may be found in George Sand, *Correspondance: Tome XVI de juillet 1860 à mars 1862* and *Tome XVII de Avril 1862 à juillet 1863.* (Research assistance: Jeannine Hammond, Coe College, and Franck de Nice, administrator of *Mon Carnet George Sand*.)

Mr. Lowell's ... fond bit of slang ^Oh^ [Hail ?] a hall!" James Russell Lowell. Key to Correspondents. The transcription of Lowell's slang is uncertain, and Jewett's reference remains undiscovered.

rheumatic gout: Wikipedia says "Gout is a form of inflammatory arthritis characterized by recurrent attacks of a red, tender, hot, and swollen joint.... The joint at the base of the big toe is affected in about half of cases." Wikipedia defines "rheumatism" as a spectrum of disorders with symptoms of intermittent pain in joints and other areas. Jewett's diagnosis indicates that she suffers from a disorder on the rheumatism spectrum.

Ellen and Ida: Ellen Frances and Ida Mason. Key to Correspondents.

Rose Lamb: Key to Correspondents.

3 Merrimans ... Roger: Helen Bigelow Merriman, with her husband Daniel and their son, Roger. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Alice Greenwood (Mrs. George D.) Howe Fragment

Chailly, 9 *July*, 1892.

Dearest Alice, — Now they live in Barbizon, on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau,* under the very eaves I ought to say, and they are having a beautiful good time, and in the day-time they play in the woods, and after dinner they walk out on the great plain and hear (and almost see!) the Angélus.* I wish I had time to write a long letter all about Paris and Madame Blanc who brought us here. I can tell you that I went up her stairs with my heart much a-feared, — it is an awful experiment to see so old a friend for the first time, — but I found her even more dear and kind and delightful than she has been in her letters for those eight long years. There has been no end to her friendliness, and what I have liked very much, she has taken us to see some of her friends, one ideal French lady, a comtesse* of the old school, in the Place Vendôme, whose self and house together were like a story-book. You would simply love the drives here, but I dare say you know them much better than I. Last night we strayed far out on the great plain, and when we were coming back I heard a man with his heavy scythe cutting the wheat, and it was so dark I couldn't see him, and perfectly still, except the noise he made, the sharp swish of the scythe and the soft fall of the grain; one couldn't hear it so by day. When we hear the Angélus we can't help looking all about for two figures with bent heads. Millet's own house is close by ours.* We have some rooms in a pretty old place, covered with vines; you go out through a half court-yard and half farm-yard and open a big gate to the narrow paved street — and a nice piggy lives in a little stone mansion close by this gate. I feel very much at home, being in truth a country person, but nobody could help loving Barbizon.

O little *pains*! Mes petite breads!

I break with joy your crisp young heads
In you no dreadful soda lurks
To stab me with a thousand dirks.
Some baker immigrant should bring
You to my New World suffering.*

Notes

Barbizon … Fontainebleau: Barbizon is a village at the edge of Fontainebleau forest about 30 miles south of Paris. A group of French landscape painters was associated with this area in the mid-nineteenth century.

the Angélus: bell announcing the Roman Catholic devotion commemorating the Incarnation of Christ, which is said in the morning, at noon, and in the evening. Jewett refers to the Millet painting of this title.

Place Vendôme: A major street intersection in Paris, where stands a column commemorating Napoleon's victories.

Millet's own house: Jean François Millet (1814-1875), a French painter noted for scenes of country and peasant life. Born in Normandy, he studied in Cherbourg and Paris, where he worked until 1849, when he moved to Barbizon. One of his well-known paintings is "The Angélus" (1859), in the collection of the Musée d'Orsay, Paris.

comtesse: Almost certainly this is Sophie de Beaulaincourt. Key to Correspondents.

suffering: Jewett's praise of French bread suggests that she may have suffered from sensitivity to the sodium bicarbonate (baking soda) often used in quick breads.

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to John Greenleaf Whittier

Barbizon 9 July 1892*

Dear friend I think of you so often and I have sent much love with every letter that our dear A.F. has written to tell you of our goings on. Now that my eyes are so much better I shall be writing to you too — there is one thing that she doesn't write about: I am sure that she doesn't tell you about herself and that I can do at any rate! Every day I watch so eagerly to see if she is not too tired, and I do believe that you would think that she looks much better than when we were coming away. With all our sight seeing &c we have had a great many quiet weeks and ^have^ seen

[*Page 2*]

a good deal of quiet country places in Italy and France and that is always good for A.F. Everywhere she goes people are so fond of her and appreciate in a very dear way her kindness and sympathy. I like to see how old friends greet her and new friends make her welcome — but all these things you have known longer than I have. You can't think how much we enjoy as we go along — I wish you had been with us on the 6th of June - her birthday — when we were driving from Martigny to Chamouny — up the high green

[*Page 3*]

valley toward the snow and almost touching it by the roadside and then going down among the flowers and green fields again — On the way up we passed families of peasants with their flocks and herds, capering goats and lambs and children and the old grandmothers with their long staffs, and all the cowbells and goat bells clinking and clanking going up to the highest mountain châlets for June pasturing. We had a big paper of candy and gave it to the children who took it with surprise and delight — A.F. had gone out in the early morning at Martigny to buy it and she

[*Page 4*]

also got a little sheep bell for me to carry home to you — it is such a funny old-fashioned little bell — it somehow makes you feel like a small lamb in the bayberry bushes to hear it! ----- I have better news from home { — } my [two sisters *corrected*] are much better and more cheerful and they have had friends staying with them a good deal — If you should go to Greenacre this summer or Mr. and Mrs. Cartland, do please let them know — Perhaps nothing is better for them than driving about our own dear bit of countryside, though I wished a good deal at one time that they would come over and meet us in England —

Good-by with ever so much love from your Sarah.

[*Up the left margin of page 4*]

Kindly remember me to Mrs. Cate* if you are still there —

Notes

1892: In the upper left corner of page one appear these notes probably in two other hands: "S. Jewett" (ink) and "1892" (pencil). In the bottom left corner is another such note: "Jewett".

Cate: Mrs. George W. Cate, who occupied Whittier's house in Amesbury, MA. See *Life and*

Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier (1894) by Samuel Thomas Pickard, v. 1, note p. 612.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, Pickard-Whittier papers I. Letters to John Greenleaf Whittier Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 17 letters; [1882]-1883., [1882]-1883. Box: 3 Identifier: MS Am 1844, (169).

Lucia Gray Swett Alexander to Sarah Orne Jewett

Lugano — Suisse
10 July, 1892.

My dear Cousin,

I am afraid you will think me somewhat presumptuous to address you in these terms, but you must follow the example of the good patient man, whose wife used to beat him, who remarked it did him no harm and it pleased her — We were delighted with your letter, and to know you are both well and happy, and holding us in kind remembrance — I hope the rheumatism is permanently cured, it might attack many of us common people, and be more easily pardoned, but any thing that touches your precious eyes is a calamity indeed, for you, to whom it must be a delight to write as you do, and to all the rest of humanity who have the privilege of reading what you write. I can speak feelingly at present on this subject, for every morning we begin the day with you. Francesca*

[*Page 2*]

brings my breakfast into my room, and then I repay her by reading something of yours to her for an hour. We laugh and we cry, this morning we enjoyed "The Taking of Captain Ball."* I feel as if I had [know *so written*] that particular old gentleman, but for power nothing can exceed "The Luck of the Bogans" { — } it seems so frightfully true, and will do more good than all the temperance lectures — I thank you with all my heart for my share of the good you have done and the pleasure you have conferred. I am very glad the dear Masons* are coming abroad, there are very few now remaining in this world, we should so much enjoy seeing again — It was very pleasant to know Mr Cushing* remembers us so kindly. I knew him, and his beautiful wife and "the children that were" many years ago in Florence. I have an idea those children have children of their own names — ^now^ I hope we may meet, and I should like very much to send him a

[*Page 3*]

message, but he cannot be near you now, as he wanted to hire Palazzo Barbaro, while the Curtises were in Paris, but it was promised to the Gardners,* who were there when we left. Effie Lowell* with her daughter and Miss Cabot were near us, they are all charming, and she is just wonderful. We had a pleasant surprise in finding Mrs. Smith,* who was in Casa Dario with us, is the second cousin of your and our dear Mr Whittier — I think you may know her sons both artists of much talent — She reminds me of her cousin. She is both brilliant and sunshiny, when I told her I was glad she was his cousin, she said "So am I" — I hope they may come here, where the days pass very pleasantly, though solitarily, for we do not know a soul in the place except the family of our good doctor, and the very servants speak nothing but [german *so written*], of which we not understand one word, we are about a mile from the town, keeping house in a grove of pines extending to the

[*Page 4*]

lake, we are just opposite Monte San Salvadore, which faces my window as I write, it is cooler than in the town, and I hope we may be comfortable here until September — We go on our quiet way, very thankfully. Francesca is well and strong, walking down to Lugano in the early mornings, and making friends with the country women, that come from the mountains to sell their fruit and flowers, one of the old women told her she wished I were her mother! My poor dear sister Mary Low* that was, remains much the same, it is mysterious that one so singularly good and lovely should be so ill and suffering, we are often reminded of Ida's words "God knows what He does — " Francesca is giving her eyes a complete rest with encouraging results, mine just hold their own, but are not good for much — We both offer dear love to yourself and Mrs. Fields, we remember you both with grateful affection — Please remember us, and pray for us, and love always

Yours affectionately
L. Alexander

Notes

Francesca: Alexander's daughter. Key to Correspondents.

Captain Ball: "The Taking of Captain Ball" appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in December 1889 and was collected in *Strangers and Wayfarers* (1890).

Bogans: "The Luck of the Bogans" appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* in January 1889 and was collected in *Strangers and Wayfarers* (1890).

Masons: Ellen and Ida Mason. Key to Correspondents.

Cushing: This may have been Dr. Henry Kirke Cushing (1827-1910). Jewett was acquainted with his family.

Curtises ... Gardners: Probably the families of George William Curtis and Isabella Stewart Gardner. Key to Correspondents.

Effie Lowell ... Cabot: These persons have not yet been identified, though it is possible that Miss Cabot was one of the daughters of American painter, Lilla Cabot Perry (1848-1933) and that Effie Lowell was a relative of Jewett correspondent James Russell Lowell.

Smith: Mrs. Smith almost certainly was Emma Greenleaf Smith (1836-1913). Find a Grave notes that her mother was Mary Whittier (1800-1849), and Jewett correspondent Joseph Lindon Smith was her son. FamilySearch records for his father indicates that Joseph Lindon Smith was the third of four sons. His only surviving brother was Albert Greenleaf Smith (1867- 19 November 1892).

Mary Low: Mary Sheafe Low Swett (1823-1893), Alexander's sister-in-law, who married Samuel Bourne Swett (1810-1890). Ida probably was Ida Mason.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 1, 7. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

Barbizon 12 July
[*1892*]*

Dear Loulie

I must not fail to send you a word from this dear village, so dear to painters! I wonder if you would not find it quite enchanting — it seems to me as if every corner of it were paintable — and we are seeing it under the most delightful leadership being brought here by my friend Madame Blanc whom I [have *corrected*] at last seen after nearly 10 years of letter writing and growing intimacy between us — It was quite an [experience *corrected*] to see so old a friend for the first time

[*Page 2*]

face to face — but I find myself delightfully fond of her and we have all three been so rich in pleasure here, going to the depths of the forest by day, [*deletion*] and in the sunset and dusk going out across the great plain of Barbizon that we know so well in Millets* pictures that I look for the two figures with bent heads whenever I hear his bell at the Angelus — Madame Blanc knew George Sand* very well and was very fond of her in her last years and she brought ~~with her~~ here a great package of letters to read to us — the first of them are kindly, sensible letters to the daughters of an old

[*Page 3*]

friend — and then Madame Blanc began her own literary work and was much befriended [*deletion*] ^by^ the elder woman and then they begin to be the warmest and in many ways the most sympathetic of friends — all the very best and noblest of Madame [Sand *corrected*] comes out in these letters and they are a great joy to hear — we havent quite finished them yet —

The village is so quaint and simple, we have our rooms in an old house covered with vines with a courtyard not unlike the one in Mr. Shaw's* picture of a Barbizon farmyard at night — and we go through it to a narrow paved street, and across to the little inn for our meals where the dining room is decked with paintings by grateful and I daresay impecunious artists. Old [Nére Siron *?*]* is counted an infallible judge of art and is a dear old motherly soul — but being a painter, Loulie, you must have heard more of this corner of the world than I can tell you even after some happy days' acquaintance. Today we are going to drive through the forest to the old palace of Fontainebleau which holds a great joy for me. I can hardly wait to get there — besides anything else I love the side of it that one knows in Miss Thackerays* French [Novels *?*] — And I have enjoyed Paris very much too — one is always in

[*Page 4*]

a hurry in Paris for no matter how much time there is there are always too many things to do every day. I feel more than ever how much

France has to teach us Americans and the charm and distinction of the French way of doing things always does one good. I think in one moment of Matthew Arnold's reports of French schools, and in the next I take a lesson from the way geraniums are put together in a little flower bed in a small street-park. — please dear Loulie consider that I am addressing the American part of your appreciative nature! I do not

[*Page 5*]

[not *repeated*] mean to be aggressive toward your German side — but it is natural that I should always think of that [in *corrected*] the second place, being forced to take the American point of view! I have been more conscious than ever before, that some of my own ancestors were French — those things count for more than one supposes — I love France very much ------- but when it comes to my own country and I may say my state of Maine !!

Tell your mother that we have been seeing much of Mrs. Greene* in Paris and enjoying her so much.

[*Page 6*]

Mrs. Fields will tell about them better than I — but I am delighted to find her young grandson grown into such a fine boy — he was hardly more than a baby when I was here ten years ago — They seem to be happy together{.} We are to have a few more days in Paris and then a night in Rouen before going to London & for two beloved months in England. We are to have our headquarters at 23 Clarges St. and go and come from there on our many little visits and days journeys and I must have

[*Page 7*]

some sewing — 'mending & making" done for I can hardly hold together a month longer as to my every day clothes — Have I ever told you how very much I like my Miss Cameron* at 130 Charles St. who [is *corrected*] my [guide *?*] philosopher & [friend *?*] of the needle? She is a very interesting person to me. If you should want a new dressmaker I should like to speak of her — Mrs. Fields sends her love to you and Mrs. Dresel and so do I — I wish that I [could *corrected*] see you both, but as for you in Barbizon — how you would take to your [heels *?*] and your paintbox! Goodbye dear Loulie from

S.O.J.

Notes

1892: This letter is from Jewett's 1892 trip to Europe.

Associated with this letter is a black-bordered envelope addressed to Miss Dresel at Cove Hill in Beverly, MA. and cancelled in Beverly on 21 July 1892. The stationery of this letter also is black bordered.

Madame Blanc: Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc.

Millets ... Angelus: "The Angelus" is a famous oil painting by French painter Jean-François Millet (1814-1875) showing a couple in a field at dusk, bowing their heads in prayer, at the end of their work day.

George Sand: Known best by her pen name, Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin de Francueil (1804-1876) was a French author of novels, memoirs, and journalism.

Mr. Shaw's picture ... Barbizon farmyard at night: Millet also was the painter of "Farmyard by Moonlight" (1868). The painting was acquired by the American collector, Quincy Adams Shaw (1825-1908), who eventually gave it to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Wikipedia.

*Thackeray*s: British author, Anne Isabella Thackeray, Lady Ritchie (1837-1919).

Matthew Arnold's reports of French schools: British author and public intellectual, Matthew Arnold (1822-1888) was the author of *The Popular Education of France* (1861). Wikipedia.

Mrs. Greene: Anna Blake Shaw (1817-1901), widow of the minister and activist, William Batchelder Greene (1819-1878). Wikipedia.

Miss Cameron: This dressmaker and neighbor of Mrs. Fields has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. AS Autograph file J, Box 101.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Mary Rice Jewett

~~Haverhill, Mass~~.,
18*
Oak Knoll
7/13 1892

My dear friend,

Many thanks for letting me read our dear Sarah's letters{.} After reading them I almost feel that I have been travelling with her. I suppose they will return this

[*Page 2*]

coming autumn in season to see the October woods [*mark*] The heat for the last three or four days has been aggravated by [*unrecognized word*] number of [mosquitos *so it appears*], who make the night unbearable here. I wonder if they have them at Aix. They have fleas of course. One of the compensations of my

[*Page 3*]

deafness is the fact that I dont hear the wicked little tormenters singing.

With renewed thanks I am thy friend

John G Whittier

Notes

18: The deleted text and this number appear not to be in Whittier's hand.

The first page contains an illustration, top left, of a two-story house and outbuilding, with a road passing between them. In the foreground, the road crosses a creek. The image takes up roughly the top 1/5th of the page. See Whittier's letter of 7 July 1892.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 8, Item 387, IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

23 Green mount st. Preston Hill
Leeds

July 14th 1892

Dear Friend

I am here in good care. We had a tumbling voyage the half way this way but were no worse for it. I guess Mrs Dexter* gave in at the table which was near ours but was bright as a dollar all the same when they could get on deck. "Ours" was Mr & Mrs Eastman* and two of the Bairns who were well all the way as seagulls or Mother Careys Chickens — * thats a [Current Carey *?*] but it don't look like one — Also Mr Gill was of "ours" and Mrs Bell* with her three bairns so we had good company. That ceremonial will be on the second of August I think which is a Tuesday. Sunday and Monday are the days of the village feast

[*Page 2*]

and that will be a sort of ending up but it may be Wednesday before we can have our turn.* We are not sure{.} Mr Gill will go over from here to morrow and consult with the village magnates and the Trustees of the Foundation.

It is not in Ilkley bless you but some six miles away in the Dale of the Washburn to the north over Asquith moor but if you should come you would have to make Ilkley your headquarters where there are very good Hotels and take a carriage from there in the morning to return in the evening. The place is called Timble { — } it is the very essence of the rustic life and behind all the times we know of or can find in our dear north{,} but wholesome after a fashion and one of the thousands of such places where they have raised men for England this thousand years

[*Page 3*]

and thats all. Also this gift of Mr Gill is simple and rustic{,} nothing else would do so well. It will be a slip from the tree of knowledge with a chance to grow by their care who take it from his hands but so far as I know it is the first thing of the kind ever done in the heart of the Yorkshire moors. The address on this card is right { — } a note will reach me here at once as I shall stay about this until after then but since I saw you in New York, I have sort of wished you could not come. I guess I am very much like that girl who was with you so long and was so eager you should think all the world of Ireland down to the bogs. A mile or so away is where I was raised so it is the far away Eden*

[*Page 4*]

to me but the enchanted eyes can not be "you uns" any more than the "Marsh Island"* and sitch can be mine.

with blessings on you both
always yours
Robert Collyer

Notes

turn: Collyer omits many periods in this letter. I have supplied them wherever they seem necessary.

Mrs Dexter: Collyer's friends included Chicago lawyer Wirt Dexter (1832-1890) and his wife, Josephine Moore (1846-1937).

Eastman: Collyer's daughter, Harriet Eastman. See Collyer in Key to Correspondents.

Mother Careys Chickens: This phrase may be remembered best as the title of a 1911 novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin (1856-1923). Key to Correspondents. However, the phrase has an earlier, 18th century origin, referring to a seabird, the storm petrel.

Gill: Robinson Gill (1829-1897) of Timble immigrated to the United States, where he became a successful businessman and a member of Collyer's All Souls Universalist Church in Brooklyn. In 1892, he built the Robinson library in Timble to benefit his home community and provide a memorial for his maternal ancestors. Robert Collyer spoke at the opening of the library in 1892 and at an 1898 memorial service at Timble, following Gill's death. Jewett and Fields wrote about visiting the area in their letters of 30 July and 1 August 1892.

Bell: Lizzie French Eastman Bell (1857-1895) was the sister of Joseph Eastman, who married Collyer's daughter, Harriet. See Collyer in Key to Correspondents. Lizzie Eastman married Sir Henry Bell (1848-1931); their children were: Sir Eastman Bell, Henry Bell, and Lucy Putnam Bell Fitzgerald. See Sir Henry Bell's obituary in the *New York Times* of 17 March 1931, p. 36.

Eden: The Garden of Eden is a paradise in the biblical book of Genesis.

"Marsh Island": Collyer refers to Sarah Orne Jewett's 1885 novel, *A Marsh Island*.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 10: mss Fl 1-5637.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

23 Green mount st
Leeds July 14th 1892

Dear Mrs Fields

I have sent a note on to [Aix *?*] in the hope that it may reach you there and write this on the chance that you may have left for London.

I am here all right at the address you have and shall stay hereabouts until after August second when we have the doings which are not at Ilkley but over the moor. Its all in the note which will reach you somewhere including a faint hope that you may not be able to come just for that while a visit to Ilkley — Bolton — and

[*Page 2*]

shall we say Haworth would be nuts and tarts. I guess my children Hattie and Joe who came along in the steamer will come into Yorkshire early in August. They are staying with Mr & Mrs Bell* 5 Cornwall Terrace Regents Park London. Mrs Bell you know is my son in law Mr Eastmans sister { — } can you not drop in on them the both of you{?}

always yours
Robert Collyer

Notes

London: Collyer omits many periods in this letter. I have supplied them wherever they seem necessary.

Mrs Bell: Lizzie French Eastman Bell. See Collyer's first 14 July letter above.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 10: mss Fl 1-5637.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

July 25th, Monday
1892

Dear Sarah:

Such a hot day as this is, for it is a dog day and a hot day joined so that first one gets the best of the situation and then the other.

Yesterday was hot too so that we didnt want to go to church, but thought we ought, and then had a season for proper repentance, but we didn't go forth again until after tea when I went to see how Fred Neally* was and Hetta went to see her uncle. Fred Nealley came home almost dead from the heat and exhaustion and can hardly live a week in this state. Of course his going off was a bad thing but nobody could prevent him. Hetta arrived Sat evening, so good natured and glad to be here that it did one's heart good to see her. I do not see that her blindness has increased very much, but she is cut off from so

[*Page 2*]

much that she wants to do that life must be very hard for her in spite of the brave way she makes the best of it. Yesterday we had Mrs. Goodwin up to lunch for I happily thought that would be easier than making a feast for her some other day when I should have to ask more people!

She stayed all the afternoon when John took her and Ellen* home at the same time{.} We had a stir in town towards evening when we heard that one of those English women at Great Works who goes to our church had drowned herself. Melancholia was the cause I believe, and it surely was a sad thing for she left some children and a husband. Saturday I thought it was Uncle Wills birthday and sent him a civil letter and an offering of beer which he received with thanks, but said the birthday was Thursday. Crawford* gave him some lovely scales for medicine and he bestowed a bicycle!

[*Page 3*]

He and Auntie tried the beer which was pronounced excellent, so it was all just as well as if I had hit the right day. Anyway I got the date out of the Gilman books so he ought to have been born then. He was [funny *?*] about John; who [he *corrected*] said had given up his round the world tour because of the cholera and quarantine scare, and was in his usual stew about what to do next! Hetta has been giving me some points for water colors this morning and I am going to try my luck a little tomorrow. It does seem so dreadful for a person to be so cut off from everything [she *corrected*] can do, and do so well and be condemned to idleness{.} I think it makes her restless for she just came in to say that she was going to walk, in all this heat, but I persuaded her to put it off until after tea, when she could go with comparative comfort. We are promised showers but none have come yet; and the

[*Page 4*]

roads are too dusty for any comfort in driving. Susan was sent to pasture this morning, and I wonder if Princess has left a whole leg under her? The blacksmith cut too much off her feet, so she was limping and must go to pasture until they soften and grow out again. Caddy was so mad that I think she will let Hanson* alone in future! The Lewises are partly moved, and must find this hot weather rather trying. I suppose they will go directly to Gorham as soon as they are really out of one house and into the other, for Mr. Lewis' vacation will probably begin after next Sunday. We hoped for a letter from you this morning, but it will probably come tomorrow. Caddy and Stubs came to dinner with me Saturday, and are going on in their usual fashion. Betty is getting a rest these hot days though I believe she did convey her master and John over to the pasture

[*Page 5*]

this morning. Dicky and Jane are under the trees, so the barn is empty for a wonder. I sigh when I think of twenty idle hoofs stamping all winter and getting crazy high, and hay is likely to be dear! Uncle Will says the Summer School is prospering greatly. Bert and Frances have joined the Italian class I believe. They came back by way of Montreal, but had to leave out Quebec because Miss [Kimball *?*] could stay no longer. Frances has come back looking so much better they say for the rest and change. She certainly looked poorly enough before she went away. Kate Doe has been heard from, and was not in the least sea sick, for they had a perfectly good voyage, though she said the stewardess told her that a good many people were sick for all that. We pitied her going with three people in a stateroom but she said nothing about it so they

[*Page 6*]

may have made other arrangements finally. I have heard nothing from Cora* yet, but perhaps you will see her before I hear from her. The Cephalonia got in Saturday morning this time, and I have been thinking with deep joy that she would only go over and back once more before she goes to bring you home, which makes it seem very near. Here's one of Kate Foots* dainty epistles. It does not seem quite decent for her to keep saying such insulting things to you as she seems to persist in. I do beg you if you write to Tony* not to mention her in any way. Im very glad I know she is to be at the Shoals, for I do wish to avoid her, [now *corrected*] and always, and we might have gone out there unbeknownst. Give my love to Mrs. Fields always, and I know Hetta would send hers if she knew I am writing you, but I am hurrying and wont stop to hunt her up now. Do you get the papers I send every week?

Affly MR.J.

Morgan is Dr. Lords* banker. Grace didn't come after all on her way.

[*Up the right margin of page 6*]

back to Tamworth.

Notes

Fred Neally ... Hetta: Fred T. Nealley (1855- 9 August 1892) and Hetta Lord Hayes Ward.

Ellen: Which Ellen this is from Jewett's acquaintances is not yet known.

Uncle Wills: Dr. William Gilman Perry. Frances was his daughter. Key to Correspondents.

Find a Grave gives his birthday as 21 July, which fell on Thursday in 1892.

Crawford: This person has not yet been identified.

Hanson: The Old Berwick Historical Society locates Lewis Badger Hanson (1842-1913), house and blacksmith shop, near the Jewetts on Portland Street in South Berwick. See also Find a Grave.

Miss Kimball: This person has not yet been identified.

Kate Doe: Catherine / Kate Doe. See her mother, Edith Haven Doe in Key to Correspondents.

Cora: Cora Clark Rice.Key to Correspondents.

Kate Foots ... Tony: These persons have not yet been identified.

Dr. Lords. John Lord. Key to Correspondents.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

Leeds July 27th 1892

Dear Friend also

The [ball *?*] is at two o-clock or thereabouts. "The Middleton" in Ilkley will be the best hotel for a brief knock about sojourn and for [livery *?*] "The Ilkley Wells House" for a longer stay{,} both nice as new [*unrecognized word*]{.} Mrs John Dickenson will want you to stop for tea (and tarts) after meet'n { — } she is only afraid American ladies will think it is not what they can enjoy but I know before you get away you twain{,} you will have won her heart for ever more. Why don't you come north on Saturday to Ilkley{?} We mean to drive over from Timble way Sunday morning to Bolton Abbey to Church [i e *?*] services { — } it would be pleasant and easy for you to drive over from Ilkley only 6 miles but we shall not drive over if it is wet and wild.

always and indeed yours
Robert Collyer

on sermon paper

[*Page 2*]

I preach in London
Aug 7th

Notes

thereabouts: Collyer omits many periods in this letter. I have supplied them wherever they seem necessary.

Mrs John Dickenson: John Dickinson (1844-1912) kept diaries that were edited to become *Timble Man: Diaries of a Dalesman* (1988). They provide a history of the village, mainly 1878-1912. His wife was Fanny Holmes (1859-1927). While most other sources spell his name "Dickinson," Collyer seems to have written "Dickenson." Fields records meeting the Dickinsons in her diary of the 1898 trip she and Jewett made to Europe.

See Collyer's other letters to Fields from July 1892.

twain: Collyer means both Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 10: mss Fl 1-5637.

George Du Maurier to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
New Grove House
Hampstead Heath.
[*End letterhead*]

July 27 92

My dear Mifs Jewett,

I need hardly tell you how pleased I was to get your kind letter — which I have deferred answering till today, the day you mention for your arrival in London.

It will give us the greatest pleasure if you & Mrs. Fields will come to see us here — would you come any day to lunch with us at 1.30? letting us know a day*

[*Page 2*]

before hand — or to tea at five, and a walk on the heath after? It is a pretty place and Lowell* was very fond of it & often [came *?*]

I am so delighted you should have seen the mare d'auteuil,* tho of course it is very different from what it was when first I saw it as a small boy fifty years ago — as all the forest has been cut away, and the shape of the [*unreadable word*] itself has been altered.

You will be charmed with Whitby I feel sure, and I hope

[*Page 3*]

very much that you will be there when we are — for we hope to go at the end of August — a small party this time — only three!

Memories of Lowell* are in every corner of it — and it was there last year that we heard of his death. He thoroughly loved the place, I think — now so do we.

Hoping to see you soon & Mrs. Fields

I remain

Yours very sincerely

George du Maurier

[*Page 4*
Note in another hand]

Taken from Peter Ibbetson,* George du Maurier, 2 vol.

Notes

a day: Jewett and Fields met du Maurier in Whitby in late August.

mare d'auteuil: A small lake in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, France.

Lowell: James Russell Lowell died in on 12 August 1891. Key to Correspondents.

Ibbetson: du Maurier's first novel, *Peter Ibbetson* (1891).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (53) Du Maurier, George, 1834-1896. 4 letters; 1891-1893. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 4, Folder 159, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Thursday July 28
1892

Dear Sarah:

You will have to pay for the letter I sent yesterday morning by getting a poorer one this time for I havent much to tell, except of a day at York yesterday where I took Annie Barker and Frances Linton by way of gentilezza. It wasn't a good beach day for the wind was off shore besides being dusty going down, but it was cool, and seemed to give them a pleasant change so they didn't regret going I hope.

Today would have been a better day as it proved but one never can tell{.} It is so nice to have Caddy and Thider home again, and he has just [gone back home *?*] after a rummaging [fit *?*] here. It is really wonderful to see the knowledge that child has picked up of electrical things. The [office *?*] is full of batteries and his telegraph machines [work *?*] just like real ones, being a cause of

[*Page 2*]

great astonishment to nice Mr Graves* who comes solemnly to view the improvement from time to time. Dear old Stubs and Caddy { — } I missed them awfully, and yet was glad for them to have the good time. They got brown as berries, and looked so much better for going but concluded to come home now, and take a fresh start by and by perhaps. I [viewed *?*] Mrs. Tyler and Hattie but only for a few minutes this time, but they had every kind word as usual. When I came home I found a long dear letter from George* [*unrecognized name*] asking me for a visit to Tarrytown because he couldn't come here as he had hoped, and enclosing a photograph of himself in his buggy, but the photograph was as he said more like Edwin than like himself. I should really love to go, but do not see any time at present for with the people I have bidden and the things I want to do there doesn't seem to be much

[*Page 3*]

spare time. I'll try again to get him here, because he said in a half hearted way that all of the girls was away most of the time and he couldn't leave the other alone{.} I must save the letter for you to read it being too big to send!

Annie Barker brought me a paper just now to read on account of her cousin's daughter's experience on that wrecked City of Chicago near Kinsale.* They had to climb up a cliff 600 feet high on ladders in the darkness, which seems almost too big a tale to be believed, and as if somebody's arithmetic is at fault and yet it was an experience if it was only 60 feet. Annie was greatly interested and excited of course. We were so pleased to have a letter from you today for we do not often get one so early in the week

as this. It sounds like a story all your life in Barbizon, and I

[*Page 4*]

wish oh so much that I could have lived it with you. Wouldn't Caddy love to go there some day, and won't she know every old woman in the village before a week goes over her head after she sets her foot in the town. It was very fearsome to hear of so much ROBBERS*,* a*nd we were glad we weren't there when they lived, Sarah. It is such a lovely night, with a beautiful light in the western sky, which makes me think of some of the times we used to sit in your little room over the way and talk in the twilight so I have been wishing you were here tonight. We'll never be parted so long again, will we dear? It is so beautiful to think of all the pleasure Mme Blanc has brought into these last weeks isnt it. Do remember all you can about them to tell me for I am a greedy beggar for every word. I am glad you are really to have a visit with Katie Bradbury* at

[*Page 5*]

Miss Edwards house before it is broken up, for you will like to think of it and surely I hope you will have a few days at her own home, for that will be nice too. I suppose it will not make so very much difference about getting to London now that the top of the season is off. Eva* reports her arrival at Mrs. Higginson's and prospects of a pleasant visit. I believe she goes later to Lexington with Annie Page,* because [Mamma *?*] prefers being alone, though Eva seems to really want a few weeks in her own room to do some of her works and ways. They must have had a dreadful time with [Mamma *?*] last winter from her account of some of their experiences, for she opened her heart one night and told a weary tale of what it had been. Annie and Frances have been here for an hour listening to the band { and } have just gone away the concert being done. Somebody comes

[*Page 6*]

in very often of a Thursday night to get privileges, so it is pleasant for us. They told me that Genie Pike* has had her orders to the Hospital for the first of August, and was quite shaking in her shoes now that the expected time had really come. Just think how long she has had to wait for it must be nearly a year since she first made an effort to get in.

Florence Jaques* looks dreadfully, and is said to be really in consumption poor little thing. She has never been well since her grandma died, and it seems very forlorn for her to be down there with no woman in the house to really look after her. [I *incomplete sentence ?*]

The Lewises are moving into the new house this week, and then I suppose they will take flight for Gorham for a season. I meant to see the inside of that house before they took possession, but it never seemed to be the right moment to go. Mrs. Burleighs house is progressing, but it does

[*Page 7*]

not look much like their getting in very early in the fall if [they do *?*] until winter, though I do not know if the plastering is on the walls yet. They are at work on the outside now, and it does not seem as if they would risk so much pounding if much had been done inside. There has been no word from either Exeter or Concord lately, we do not know when Frances may be expected home from her travels, but I imagine before a great while now for they were planning something else after this journey I believe.

Did I tell you that Cousin Fanny Gilman is with the Streets at Mt. Desert, and I think Cousin Alice* is also, but am not sure. Won't it be a nice thing for them? Jane Sewall brought me a big bunch of sweet peas last night that you ought to see, ^for^ they are more than big and beautiful. She has gone to Bristol for her vacation and seemed in great spirits at the prospect.

[*Page 8*]

The window boxes haven't been mentioned lately I trust, for I wish to state that they are fine to behold, having taken an extra start{.} I don't dare to speak of the garden any more, for I have done nothing but praise that in every letter I fear.

Rebecca came in the afternoon to state that she was asked to tea by Mrs. Rollins, there being a great intimacy with Mrs. Wakefield on foot which is very nice for them all. Now fare you well for this time for a sleepy sister is going off to bed, which it might have been a good thing to have done before if the quality of this letter was to be considered. Caddy speaked of writing you today but I don't believe she will in time for Saturdays steamer, there being much on her mind after her arrival home, two seemly frocks from Miss Grays being an item in the list of affairs — [I'll *?*] send love enough to you and Mrs Fields for both of us, and our best wishes too, being your aff O.P.

Thank you so much for the handkerchiefs{.}

Notes

Mr. Graves: Mr. Graves has not yet been identified. According to the Old Berwick Historical Society, a William P. Graves (b. 1852) resided in South Berwick at about this time. He had served in the Maine legislature and was married to Courtney S. Neal.

George: This person has not yet been identified. Jewett mentions that in the photograph he sent, he looks like Edwin. This could suggest that he is a relative of Carrie Eastman's recently deceased husband, Edwin.

Kinsale: Irish Wrecks Online reports the wreck of the S. S. City of Chicago off the Irish Coast on 22 June 1892. All passengers survived.

ROBBERS: Jewett printed this word in extra large letters.

Bradbury: Kate Bradbury. Key to Correspondents.

Eva ... Mrs Higginson's: Eva von Blomberg and, probably, Ida Agassiz Higginson. Key to Correspondents.

Annie Page: This person has not yet been identified.

Genie Pike: This person has not yet been identified.

Florence Jaques: The Jewetts were acquainted with Emma D. Jaques (1849-1937) and her husband Dr. Edwin D. Jaques (1841-1932). Florence Jaques, however, has not yet been identified. Find a Grave.

Fanny Gilman: This cousin has not been identified, though she is repeatedly associated in Jewett's letters with Jewett's aunt, Mrs. Helen Williams Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

The Streets has not yet been identified.

Cousin Alice: Alice Dunlap Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*After 25 July 1892*]*

Just as I finished my letter one came from you so I will wind up to begin again! Mary Libby did bloom beautifully, though I forgot that she wasn't in the front-yard, when I wrote you. I thought you got another one to put there, beside the one we had over in the other garden.

Now 'Miss Danl Nason" and Miss Bradeen are living together under the parlor windows in great harmony you may be glad to know. Last night I got a great wail from William about Abba* for he says she is no better about walking, and he doesn't know what to do with her. He wants to take her to York, but she swears she will not be carried down ^though she wants to go^. I have just [written *?*] him to just insist on her going. I think if her nurse had more determination she would do better but she acts to me as though she gave in at once to all Tabby's notions and whenever she has a turn of

[*Page 2*]

hysteria it scares her. How quick you would have her on her legs; or anybody else who had the courage of her opinions. The hot dogday weather is in full blast, and I am longing to get to the sea again. The dust is too deep for any comfort in driving down, and there's only a S. West wind to greet you on down there so home is about as comfortable after all. [*unrecognized name* J...] Jewett is coming to stay with Carrie tonight which will be a pleasure for it is some time since they have met. Miss John wrote me yesterday about Lizzie and Charlie Gilman's being thrown out of their buggy and being stunned down near Bath the other day, by one of Charlies precious bargains in horse flesh, running away with them. They had to be carried back to Bath and Charlie's head had to be sewed up before he could get home on the 'midnight train'. It being

[*Page 3*]

the Sabbath day Cousin Alice will [present *?*] a handsome moral for them when she comes home from S. W Harbor where she is at present with the Streets and Cousin Fanny. We've had a nice street band this morning which was fine and cheerful in front of the house and now Hetta has stepped off to walk again in all the heat, but I was obliged to make a press of letters an excuse at this time. Did I ever tell you that Miss Johnson told me that there was a report that the big Sally Loring* who used to live in Salem, is to marry the High Church rector in Haverhill who is A E J's* pet abomination?

Life in Brunswick evidently goes hard poor thing, and I am so sorry that these later years do not seem to promise much happiness, but after all, one must make ones own pleasures in this world for the most part I find, in order to get any, at least I have to mine.

They have finally succeeded in [getting *?*] a supply of water down by the brickyard

[*Page 4*]

near the old coal sheds, and if it analyzes well and if and if we may have it put into the houses, but even now I am not very sanguine.

They have pierced the blue clay there and found gravel and an abundant supply they think, for some of the wells run over themselves, and they cannot pump others dry with a steam pump. Now I'll go after my daily bread and butter, and get this to the mail, and that before I have told you how much we enjoyed your letter and how glad we are for every new days happiness. Do you really begin to feel better for being at Aix yet? Do tell us.

Affly M.R.J.

Notes

July 1892: Uncharacteristically, Jewett failed to date this letter. In this letter, Hetta [probably Ward] is staying with Jewett, who reported her arrival in her 25 July letter. The next letter from Mary in this collection is dated 4 August.

Miss Danl Nason ... Miss Bradeen: Presumably, these are flowers. But Jewett seems to have given them the names of persons, perhaps those who gave them the plants?

According to Find a Grave and the Old Berwick Historical Society, there are as many as ten people named Daniel Nason buried in York County, ME., all of whom were deceased before 1892. At find a grave, only Daniel Nason (1796-1872) in South Berwick's Portland Street Cemetery appears to have surviving family in 1892, a youngest son, also named Daniel.

However, there were many Nasons living in the South Berwick area in the 1890s.

A Bradeen family resided in South Berwick at this time. Joshua Edwin Lane Bradeen (1836-1907) was a local machinist.

Abba: Referred to as Abba and Tabby, Abby Fiske was a Jewett cousin, daughter of the sisters' maternal aunt, Abby Gilman Perry (1824-1868) and Francis Allen Fiske (1818-1887) of Concord, NH. Her brother was William / Billy Perry Fiske (1853-1914). Tabby Fiske was one of Mary Jewett's traveling companions during her 1889 European tour.

Miss John: Cousin Alice is Alice Dunlap Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

Two of her children were Charles/Charlie and Elizabeth/Lizzie Gilman.

Miss John probably is Helen Williams Gilman, spouse of Dr. John Taylor Gilman.

Streets ... Cousin Fanny: The Streets have not yet been identified. Probably Cousin Fanny is the adopted daughter of Helen W. Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

Sally Loring: This person has not yet been identified.

A.E.J. is Annie Elizabeth Johnson, whose Bradbury Academy was in Haverhill, MA.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

Ilkley — Yorkshire 30 July [*1892*]*

Now they live in London at 22 Clarges St. but they send a sprig of heather from the Yorkshire moors to [which *written over where*] they have come for a few days and will not finish this letter until they have been to Haworth* — — Dear, I am so sorry about your eye. I was afraid there was something: I could not find you just right when I thought of you — I remember how bad an eye it was once seven or eight years ago. Do be careful of it, I beg you this hard a [*so it appears*] because mine are not yet mended to their old estate though much better since Aix and delighting in the promise made them there of being quite well soon.

— And now this is two

[*Page 2*]

days after the first beginning of this letter and I long to tell you how much I love this Yorkshire country, the Bolton Abbey of Wordsworths White Doe of Rylstone,* and Wharfedale with its green fields that touch the sky and its great brown moors, full of brooks and springs and peat bogs and grown thick with budding heather like fur on their long backs. We have climbed them as far as we could and driven over them, footing it bravely when the carriage could hardly be pulled with us in it. On the top the air is the sweetest and coolest air in the world. You follow the old road through the heather and fern and

[*Page 3*]

see the whole sky for once and the moor, and nothing else. I love to tell you about it { — } I truly do. I wish — — well my darling I like it so much on those high places that I just wish it was you who had seen them and was a writing to me!

Today we went to Haworth and found it most appealing. People had said that the Brontë church was pulled down and the rectory all changed and that a railroad went to the town which had set up manufactures and grown to 6000 inhabitants; but we sagely remembered such [advices *or* advisers] about other places. There were those who told us that there was nothing to be

[*Page 4*]

seen at Les Charmettes* — So we went to Haworth and it is true that the church is a good deal bedizened ~~and~~ that the rectory is a little modernized — worst of all that the present vicar resents pilgrims to the shrine of the Brontë family, but he didn't bite us and let us see things pretty pleasant. It is a dreadfully sad old village — the moors aren't so kind and sheltering as at Ilkley here, but farther back from poor Haworth and the plaintive sound of the old chimes will haunt my ears for many a day. You go up a long steep narrow street to the top of a hill — it all looks pretty much as it did when that household known of the world now, burned their lights of genius like

[*Page 5*]

candles flaring in a cave — like will o' the wisps of their upland country shut up, captives and prisoners in that gloomy old stone house. Nothing you ever read about them can make you know them until you go there — I can see the little pale faces of those sisters at the vicarage windows — and the Black Bull Inn* where the strange young brother used to comfort himself with light and laughter and country revelry and break their hearts at the same time is a little way down the hill — Never mind people who tell you there is nothing to see in the places where people lived who interest you! You always find something of what made them the souls they were, and at

[*Page 6*]

any rate you see their sky and their earth.

----- We had some days near Bristol at Miss Edwards's house with Katie Bradbury* — it was like a visit to a ghost by which I have no idea of saying that it was altogether sad — on the contrary! and her library is a room you would like dearly. One always felt that she must be coming into it next minute. I shall tell you much more than this about the Larches some day. The greatest pleasure so far in London has been a good walk on Hampstead Heath with Mr. du Maurier* — and seeing all his Peter Ibbetson drawings — This is only a beginning to a letter. A.F. is discovered to be keeping awake in her room until I show signs of going to sleep{.} I shall put her love in just the same but good night and good by for this time dear SW

[*Up the right margin of page 6*]

[Always *?*] your SOJ

Notes

Ilkley, Yorkshire: Jewett wrote this during her 1892 trip to Europe with Annie Fields.

Wikipedia says: "Ilkley is a spa town and civil parish in the City of Bradford, West Yorkshire, in Northern England."

Haworth: Anne (1820-1849), Charlotte (1816-1855), and Emily Brontë (1818-1848) wrote their famous novels while living at Haworth Parsonage in Yorkshire, England.

the Bolton Abbey of Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone" ... Wharfdale: William Wordsworth (1770-1850) published his book *The White Doe of Rylstone* in 1815. Wikipedia says: "Bolton Abbey is an estate in Wharfedale in North Yorkshire, England, which takes its name from the ruins of the 12th-century Augustinian monastery — now generally known as Bolton Priory."

"Les Charmettes": Les Charmettes is a country home open to tourists in the 19th century, where, according to a 1907 Baedeker guide to Southern France, Rousseau and Mme. De Warens resided.

Black Bull Inn: Patrick Branwell Brontë (1817-1848) was "an English painter and writer. He was the only son of the Brontë family, and brother of the writers Charlotte, Emily and Anne. Brontë was rigorously tutored at home by his father, and shared much of his sisters' creative talent, earning praise for his poetry and translations from the classics. But he drifted between jobs, supporting himself by portrait-painting, and gave way to drug and alcohol addiction, apparently worsened by a failed relationship with a married woman, leading to his early death." He was a well-known "character" at the Black Bull Inn in Haworth (see *The Bronte Country* by J. A. E. Stuart, 1888, pp. 160-1).

Miss Edwards's house with Katie Bradbury: Amelia Ann Blanford Edwards (1831-1892). "In

1882, she co-founded the Egypt Exploration Fund (now the Egypt Exploration Society) and became its joint Honorary Secretary. In 1889-1890, she toured the United States lecturing on Egyptian exploration." After 1864, her residence was the Larches at Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol, Great Britain. Wikipedia.

For Kate Bradbury (1854-1902) See Key to Correspondents.

Mr. du Maurier ... Peter Ibbetson drawings: George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier. Key to Correspondents. *Peter Ibbetson*, his first novel (1891) was adapted for stage, film and opera. Du Maurier drew a large number of illustrations for this novel.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

Fields Transcription

Annie Fields included part of this letter in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911). Her transcription follows.

I long to tell you how much I love this Yorkshire country, the Bolton Abbey of Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone," and Wharfedale, with its green fields that touch the sky, and its great brown moors, full of brooks and springs and peat-bogs and grown thick with budding heather, like fur on their long backs. We have climbed them as far as we could and driven over them, footing it bravely when the carriage could hardly be pulled with us in it. On the top the air is the sweetest and coolest air in the world. You follow the old road through the heather and fern and see the whole sky for once, and the moor, and nothing else.

Today we went to Haworth and found it most appealing. People had said that the Brontë church was pulled down and the rectory all changed, and that a railroad went to the town, which had set up manufactures and grown to 6000 inhabitants; but we sagely remembered such advices about other places. There were those who told us that there was nothing to be seen at "Les Charmettes." So we went to Haworth, and it is true that the church is a good deal bedizened, that the rectory is a little modernized, most of all that the present vicar resents pilgrims to the shrine of the Brontë family, but he didn't bite us. It is a dreadfully sad old village. The moors aren't so kind and sheltering as at Ilkley, here, but farther back from poor Haworth, and the plaintive sound of the old chimes will haunt my ears for many a day. You go up a long steep narrow street to the top of a hill. It all looks pretty much as it did when that household, known of the world now, burned their lights of genius like candles flaring in a cave, like will o' the wisps of their upland country, shut up, captives and prisoners, in that gloomy old stone house. Nothing you ever read about them can make you know them until you go there. I can see the little pale faces of those sisters at the vicarage windows; and the Black Bull Inn, where the strange young brother used to comfort himself with light and laughter and country revelry, and break their hearts at the same time, is a little way down the hill. Never mind people who tell you there is nothing to see in the place where people lived who interest you. You always find something of what made them the souls they were, and at any rate you see their sky and their earth.

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

At Ilkley on the Yorkshire
Moors — August 1st 1892
(J. S. Morgan & Co. London)*

My very dear friend: We have made our last great move and have taken lodgings in London (22 Clarges St.) for a month before we turn our faces homeward! We had been there but a week when a letter from Robert Collyer* let us know that he was among his native hills once more where he was about to dedicate a [library *corrected*] and if we were to come that way he would show us what was to be seen. Yesterday being Sunday we joined him at the services at Bolton Abbey watching the Wharf at

[*Page 2*]

our side as we went and never forgetting the poems of Wordsworth* in looking about for "The Strid{.}" We went into the Gate House where the Duke of Devonshire who [owns *corrected*] the whole district lives, when he comes to Bolton and there we saw the portrait of the Boy who made the leap across the fatal stream — After service we drove up over the hills where every step of the way was familiar to Robert Collyer{,} stopping at an old almshouse established by Anne Clifford, countess, under Charles the

Second,* and where thirteen aged women to this day have a delightful home, if ever such a retreat could bear the name. I heard Robert Collyer tell the good woman who presided over

[*Page 3*]

the rest, of something the Countess had arranged to make them all more comfortable. "Did Anne do that?" she asked, as if the benevolent woman were a friend with whose life and doings she was everyday familiar. "Yes" he replied, "she was a fine creature: when her steward wrote that he proposed to put a certain person into an office in her gift she wrote back "I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by the court, but I will not be dictated to by an underling — your man shall not have the place"!

I cannot tell you how deeply interesting it was to walk through the country roads and see the people and the surroundings of Robert Collyer's youth so unchanged. They are very proud of him, and he neither proud nor humble looks them up and bears himself among them like the strong

[*Page 4*]

benevolent creature he is —

Today we have been to Haworth* { — } very sad and touching it was to us. The only bright thing was to remember how brief the lives were of the women who were forced to live there among the graves. Back of the house however the noble hills stretch away as they do everywhere in this vicinity, washing the skyline with their dark purple waves — The heather is just budding and I like to think how much joy their young poetic minds found after all in the sense of divine life which is borne in by such vast solitudes in the great air. The [color *?*]{,} the coolness of these hills is very inspiring. While we have been reading the painful account of heat at home we have been really cold here — I cannot bear to think of what you have all endured. The papers tell us of great suffering in New York —

[*Page 5*]*

[2

I am sending a paper which has been sent me by Herman Grimm* of Berlin with the request that you would kindly write your name at the end of the printed list of names. It is a tribute Germany wishes to pay to the Grand Duchess* upon her silver wedding day in October because she has taken great care of all the Goethe* memorials. After writing on the paper will you let Phoebe* address an envelope to Professor Grimm whose name is in the list with his full address and mail your autograph signature directly to him — I fear this will seem a great bore but I believe only two or three American names are to be added to the list — yours and Dr. Holmes. I do not know surely of any others.

[*Page 6*]

Professor Grimm does not write English easily and feels shy of doing so at all to persons he does not know very well.

But I must go back to Haworth to say that Mr Nicholls* left there three months after Mr Bronte's death which was six years later than Charlotte's death — He wanted "the living" and it was not given to him. The present ~~Rector~~ ^vicar^ a Mr Wade* came at that time. He seems to be a man who rather resents the interest taken in the Brontës and although we had a note of introduction to him I thought he [dismissed like a better streak *?*]* perhaps but still one of

[*Page 7*]

the foolish meandering tribe of Israel* who only come to spy out the land and leave no good behind them. I can easily believe that he spoke the truth when he said the place was going so rapidly to decay when he took it and he evidently takes pride in all the changes which grate somewhat upon the minds of those who care for memorials of the Brontës. I think he would like to wipe out the signs of their possession as much as possible and I suspect he looks upon the writer of the stories as a person not altogether fit for association with the English Clergy. We saw some young people

[*Page* 8]

playing a game of ball on the moor just above the Rectory and I felt glad for him that there was someone to bring cheer and young life into this solemn spot. Solemn to us at least who know something of the tender creatures who died there.

We took luncheon [the *intended* at] the Black Bull where poor Patrick went astray — It is much nearer the house than I thought and I could sympathize with the love of light [and *corrected*] warmth and appreciation for his youthful jokes which led him there.

Good bye, dear, dear friend, keep well — we shall soon be at home now —

Sarah's love goes to you with mine — Yours

Annie Fields.

Notes

London: What Fields wrote here is unclear, but J. S. Morgan & Co. was a banking company in New York and London in 1892. See Wikipedia, "J. P. Morgan & Co.," early history.

Robert Collyer: Key to Correspondents.

Wordsworth: British poet, William Wordsworth (1770-1850) set a short narrative poem in the area of Bolton Abby: "The Force of Prayer; Or, the Founding of Bolton Priory." Stanzas 5-6 are:

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,
How tempting to bestride!
For lordly Wharf is there pent in
With rocks on either side.

The striding-place is called the Strid,
A name which it took of yore:
A thousand years hath it borne that name,
And shall a thousand more.

Anne Clifford ... Charles the Second: British writer, courtier, and patron of the arts, Lady Anne Clifford (1590-1676) inherited her father's estate.

Charles II of England (1630-1685) was king 1660-1685.

5: In the Houghton folder of Field's letters to Whittier, the final 4 pages of this letter are associated with another letter. However, it seems very clear that they belong here.

Hermann Grimm: Herman (sometimes Hermann) Grimm (1828-1901) was a German professor and writer. His father Wilhelm and uncle Jakob are remembered as philologists and collectors of the "Brothers Grimm" folk tales.

Grand Duchess: Grand Duchess Sophie of the Netherlands (1824-1897), married Karl Alexander in 1842. In 1885, then Grand Duchess Sophie of Saxony-Weimar-Eisenach, became the sole heiress of the estate of German polymath author, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832). According to "Unofficial Royalty," she then "made it her goal to ensure that his writings remained accessible to the public. She initiated the “Weimar Edition,” the first compendium of Goethe's complete works." See also Wikipedia.

Phoebe: Phebe Woodman (1869-1953).

Nicholl's ... Brontë: British novelist Charlotte Brontë (1816-1856) married a Haworth curate, Arthur Bell Nicholls (1819-1906). Her father, Patrick Brontë (1777-1861) was an Irish Anglican minister and author. Wikipedia.

Wade: Patrick Brontë's successor at Haworth was John Wade, who served 1861-1898. Brontë had initiated an inquiry into the poor health of the population of the village, which resulted in a report of many sanitation problems, including seepage from the graveyard into the drinking water. Partly as a result, much of the village was modernized, including replacing the church and remodeling of the parsonage. See Wikipedia and "The Brontë Museums and Collections at Haworth, West Yorkshire" by Claire Mason.

streak: I believe I have correctly transcribed the words within the brackets, but I am not able to understand what they mean.

tribe of Israel: Probably Fields refers to "the twelve spies," sent by Moses into Canaan to report on the country before Moses would lead the twelve tribes into their promised land. The spies' report frightened the people who then declined to go. The result was forty years of wandering in the wilderness. See the Bible's Old Testament, Numbers 13.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892., 1873-1892.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Thursday Aug 4
1892

Dear Sarah;

Such a beautiful birthday* was never seen in all the world as this has been for everything has been of the very best. Early this morning Hetta rose with the lark and went over to arrange a quantity of flowers in the dining room which was a great surprise and pleasure, and then he had the [leggin*gs ?*] and Kodak at breakfast and the telegram came about nine o'clock which was a great joy and pride, causing great difficulty in keeping his mouth in proper position, for it would grin in spite of him. After dinner to which Hetta

and I were bidden and at which there was ice cream galore, Betty was had out and was taken several times with Timmy and without and then Tompy arrived so the pair of [worthies *?*] went off somewhere. Hetta and I

[*Page 2*]

went to tea with Mrs. Rollins but came home early and I found that Hetta had sent for a lovely sketch book for him, which brought the day to a lovely close, since drawing is the latest fad. The Barrows boy* arrived at the Jaques tonight on his pony, so I suppose Betty and the leggings will be displayed tomorrow without fail. Your letter came this morning which was beautiful for me. I so hoped you would see St. Mary Radcliffe in Bristol for we liked the quaint old place a good deal and the [*unrecognized word*] cathedral without any nave{.} Now I hope you will see Lincoln and Ely as well as Peterboro{.} Do you remember Mary Queen of [Scotts *so it appears*] lying in state there? Ely was so beautiful to me that I want everybody to see it. I shall never forget how the close looked as we drove in to leave a passenger

[*Page 3*]

at one of the high houses. It is like having it all over again to think of your going to all these places where we went, and I am glad and surprised to find how clear all my recollection of it is, but why shouldn't it be when I think of it so much? I hope you drove along Cheyne Walk and saw the old church and vicarage where the Kingsleys* lived, and [the George Eliot *so it appears*] and Rossettis and Turner, but of course you did and I hope had as good a time as we, for you couldn't have had a better any way. When your telegram came it suddenly flew into my mind that perhaps you were gone up into Yorkshire to see Canon [*unrecognized name*] and then I wondered if it might be time for Mr. Collyer's* occasion? There is something so pathetic in a visit like the one you made at the Larches* that you must have been almost glad when it was done and you were a part of the world

[*Page 4*]

again. I keep thinking and thinking about you, and in spirit going with you from place to place until you might almost see me puffing along behind as I used to when were little if you looked sharp. Now Ill tell you that [it was a *?*] pleasant visit at [*two obscured words*] party which was composed of Hetta, Susy Jewett, Annie Barker and me. We came home early because a big thunder shower looked as if it was coming down any minute, but there was only a little [spottice *?*] of rain after all. Mrs Wakefield came back today from her [Alford *?*] visit{.} I asked her and Mrs Rollins and Annie ^and Susy^ to visit Horace Jewett last night, but she didnt get back until this morning. My [feast *?*] was a pleasant one I think for the mild sort that it was. [*mark*] Horace has [gone down *?*] to York today for a day or two he said. He certainly looks very well,

[*Page 5*]

and as Susy remarked had not met any friends evidently on his way here.* Today has been hot again, and tonight is dog day like but the early morning was lovely and cool. I hope the dampness will keep away while I am at Little Boar's Head where I hope to go Saturday night for a week. Hetta is going to Mrs. Goodwins until Susy comes next week and then they have planned to go away somewhere for a few days, and I believe Susy is coming here after I come back. Hetta seemed to have had a good time for I let her go and come at her own sweet will, and she loves to hunt up all the places she used to know. Caddy and Susy seem to be enjoying each other a good deal, and Caddy seems in much better spirits. I havent heard from Exeter or from Will this week, but I imagine that no news is good news with them.

[*Page 6*]

The last I heard from John and Sarah they were still undecided about their journey, though they had agreed a little while ago to let somebody have their house the first of September. Perhaps they have given up the bargain now — and I should not be surprised if they did not go away at all, that is for any length of time. The Lewises go to Gorham this week. They have moved into their house but are by no means settled in it yet, and what a job they will have then they come back to such a state of things. Fred Nealley is still alive but very sick and suffering poor fellow. I shall be so glad for his sake when he is gone [*mark*] The garden is picking up again since the rains, and the asters are coming on fast now, and so are many other flowers. One more good rain would do a world of good, for the grass is

[*Page 7*]

still brown in spots. Lots of little apples are falling from the trees and corn is in season, likewise beans and cucumbers, but no tomatoes yet. "M' back" has been a bother through the hot

weather, but I have been persuaded to go to Dr Wheeler* who says it is doing well and will soon be all right. Today was a season of great solemnity because ["Gram" *?*] cherished gloomy news of its state, but luckily Thider was going to get Betty shod so I sent John and the Dr said he was doing very well indeed, and life went very much more cheerfully. Stubby said, "All the way over he said them doctors dont know nothin, but coming home it was, "Them wimmen don't". I nearly died laughing at that boy yesterday when I told him that I saw Parson Sewall* coming over to see [Jotie *?*] off for Bristol, and he asked me if he put him under the conductors care or sent him by express!

[*Page 8*]

Monday morn. Caddy and Stubs are just departing for Exeter to see Grandma Eastman, which will be a pleasure to her I hope. We thought it would be a cool day, but it seems hotter than an hour ago in spite of the east wind. I had a great dream about getting you home safe and sound last night and was so disgusted to wake up and find it wasn't true! Hetta wishes her love given to you, and I send a great deal to you and Mrs. Fields. There's a shop called Lewis and Allenby { — } I believe it is halfway down Regent St on the right { — } where they have pretty gowns if you are in pursuit of clothes. I dont know that they are any better than the Debenshaw & Freebody ones though, but sometimes it is nice to have a variety to choose from.

Farewell for this time, and I will soon write again.

Affly yours

Mary R Jewett

Notes

birthday: 4 August was the birthday of Theodore Jewett Eastman.

The first Kodak camera was patented in 1888, selling with a roll of film of 100 exposures for $25, about $900 in buying power in 2024.

Barrows boy: This person has not yet been identified.

Jaques: The Jewetts were acquainted with Emma D. Jaques (1849-1937) and her husband Dr. Edwin D. Jaques (1841-1932).

Kingsleys ... George Eliot ... Rossettis ... Turner: Mary Jewett wrote enthusiastically about her own visit to the Cheyne Row area near London at the end of August in 1889. Among the many famous British artists whose homes she noted were clergyman and writer, Charles Kingsley (1819-1875), novelist George Eliot / Mary Ann Evans (1819-1880), poet and painter, Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti (1826-1882), and painter Joseph Mallord William Turner (1775-1851).

Mr. Collyer's occasion: Jewett and Fields attended the dedication of a library in Timble, Yorkshire in August 1892, where they heard Robert Collyer speak. Key to Correspondents.

Larches: This was the home of Amelia Ann Blanford Edwards (1831- 15 April 1892), friend and colleague of Kate Bradbury. Key to Correspondents.

Horace Jewett: This branch of the Jewett family is not well-known. Horace may be the son of Thomas Jewett (1790-1864) who was born in 1834. However, Horace was a relatively common name in the Jewett family. *History and Genealogy of the Jewetts of America*.

here: Jewett may have written an exclamation point here.

Fred Nealley: Fred T. Nealley (1855- 9 August 1892). Find a Grave.

Parson Sewall ... Jotie: Probably Parson Sewall was David Brainerd Sewall (1817-1907), father of Helen, Jane and Jotham Sewall. Probably, then, "Jotie" was Jotham Sewall.

John Greenleaf Whittier to Annie Adams Fields

Hampton Falls N.H.*
Aug. 8 1892

My dearest Friend

I have thee and dear Sarah always in my mind, but the awful heat of this season, which I am glad you have escaped, has compelled me { to } refrain from attempting to make any exercise of mind or body. Today the [sultry *?*] humid air has been changed by thunderstorms and

[*Page 2*]

a cool wind blows from the north west. We are fortunate in finding [very *corrected*] pleasant quarters here, on a high swell of land looking over the wide green meadow and Hampton river and the [the *repeated*] sand-bar and the ocean beyond. I was here three weeks before the interviewers found me{.} A very persistent one came yesterday, and wanted to make a syndicate of me, [whatever *corrected*] that may

be. As he did not seem disposed to go I went, and left him.

[*Page 3*]

You, of course, have heard of the great Carnegie strike, the murders, the attempted [assassination *?*] of the agent of the works by a N. Y. Anarchist, and the calling out of the State militia.* There really seemed no adequate cause for ^the^ strike. There was been no stir yet in the political world, and the election is likely to be a very quiet one. The murder of Borden* and his wife, at Fall River is causing much excitement as the daughter is suspected. Boston is deserted by all who can get away, and gives no sign of life. What is doing in the literary {world}

[*Page 4*]

I do not know as I read but little.

This {is} a very old place. My mother's [ancestors settled *?*] here and hereabout as early as 1640, and built the mill on the little river. The old mansion of Gov. Weare* is here — and, of course, Gen Washington slept in one of its chambers when on his way to Portsmouth. I have no idea where you now are or when you think of returning. It has been a great comfort to hear from thee. Sarah's sister Mary has kindly let me read her letters. My cousins send their

[*Up the left margin of page 4*]

love. I am thankfully thy friend

John G Whittier

Notes

Hampton Falls N.H.: A note in another hand at the top left of page 1 reads: "His last letter to Mrs A. F."

Huntington Library archivists have read Whittier's ambiguous handwriting to determine that he composed this letter in Hampton Falls, North Carolina, but there seems to be no such town in North Carolina. The letter's content indicates he actually wrote from Hampton Falls, New Hampshire.

Carnegie strike: Whittier refers to the Homestead Steel Strike which began on 1 July 1892, and ended finally in November with the defeat of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers.

Wikipedia says the strike resulted from the Carnegie Steel Company's decision to break the union. The conflict quickly escalated, and the company brought in Pinkerton agents to break picket lines and admit nonunion workers. Shooting led to a number of deaths on both sides. When Pinkertons failed to dislodge the strikers, several thousand Pennsylvania state militia subdued the strikers and re-opened the plant.

"On July 23, Alexander Berkman, a New York anarchist with no connection to steel or to organized labor, plotted with his lover Emma Goldman to assassinate Frick [Henry Clay Frick, manager of the Homestead operation]. He came in from New York, gained entrance to Frick's office, then shot and stabbed the executive. Frick survived and continued his role; Berkman was sentenced to 22 years in prison."

election: Democrat Grover Cleveland defeated incumbent Republican Benjamin Harrison in the 1892 U.S. Presidential election. Whittier died on 7 September, not living to seeing the election outcome.

murder of Borden: Wikipedia says that Lizzie Andrew Borden (1860-1927) "was the main suspect in the August 4, 1892, axe murders of her father and stepmother in Fall River, Massachusetts. Borden was tried and acquitted of the murders."

Weare: Meshech Weare (1713-1786) an American revolutionary statesman was the first President (governor) of New Hampshire (1886-1785). First American president, George Washington's visit to the house in Hampton Falls, NH, has been documented, according to Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields collection: mss FI 72-5301.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Little Boars Head
Monday Aug 8 92

Dear Sarah:

It is such a hot day that I am going to forego my nap and begin my letter to you for fear of interruptions later in the day. The Aunts have retired. I just viewed Little Aunt in her petticoat and dear little night cap making the last preparations for her nap, among which there were the presentation of peppermints, that I should think you could get the reek of across the water if your nose turned this way. Dear little Aunt. You will be glad to know that she seems unusually bright and well, and steps off to her

three meals as sturdily as any one of us. Last night we stayed up to hear Mr. Hoffman* play which was beautiful as ever. There are so few of the old faces left at Alberts

[*Page 2*]

and perhaps it is my own fault but the newcomers look far less interesting to my eyes. Mrs. Hoffman came and was most friendly last evening while we were waiting for the music. I asked her about Mrs. Robeson* who has gone back to Europe for the summer and possibly longer she says. Julia Stout* is a mountain of flesh and inaction at present and is down somewhere on the Jersey Coast, having come home last fall so the French country life evidently hasn't filled her life any more than anything else has, poor soul.

I arrived here Saturday evening to get the usual warm welcome and am glad to have the sea near at hand though today there is a south wind and consequent heat. We went to mass yesterday and the only good part of it was to hear Aunt Mary stand up and sing, never faltering at

[*Page 3*]

a note, though she said this morning Dear! it was so hard for me to give up my music after having been able to sing so many years. Now I can only sing a little! Mrs. Alexander's* remembrance of her voice has evidently touched her deeply, for she spoke of it again today, also of your lovely letter which she was most grateful for, and wishes me to thank you for, as it was a true labor of love for her sake she said. Who should appear for a call yesterday afternoon but [*Obscured name*] and Uncle Will, who didn't look over fifty and was that cheerful{.} He speaked of having passed the morning with John Gardner* and children roaming about Gilman Park, and then had the nice drive down here, but I wished to ask him what grandpa would have said of such conduct sabbath day!

[*Page 4*]

This morning I had a nice walk along the shore with Aunt Gov. but it was pretty hot part of the way going. We came home and had a season of reading aloud and a call from the Bells before dinner. Aunt Bell spoke this morning of a desire to view her sister in law at Magnolia so I begged her to go while I was here to stay with Aunt Long! Hetta stayed to see me off Saturday after which John took her down to Mrs. Goodwins for her visit there. Carrie Hayes* was also expected for a few days, so they will have a good time together. Caddy went to Exeter Friday and had a salubrious time. I missed Timmy in the afternoon and John said he disappeared just as the train left [so *?*] he thought he must have gone with them which proved to be the

[*Page 5*]

case. He was greatly beseemed by Grandma Eastman Stubs said and had to be taken to call down at Grandpa's. The first thing they knew the{y} found him curled up at their feet on the cars which had started by that time, wasn't that knowing of the little scamp. Five dollars never bought any more brains than that bill which you sent to [Orla Penderys *?*]* surely. Brother Guiot* has turned up for his summer vacation and is charmed to give me some more lessons. He inquired carefully if you had kept up your lessons and when I told him I was afraid you were ahead of me, he laughed heartily and promised to do his best. Aunts both have confided to me their feelings concerning Persy's* size and the size of her appetite which seems to have appalled them. She had Gladys here, and it was evidently a great trial to have the child about{.}

[*Page 6*]

She has some sort of braces that she wears, so once in a while she pulls herself on her feet, but she is four years old now you know. It must be so hard to Mr Bell* to feel that his only grandchild is like that, [especially *corrected*] as Aunt Gov. was wondering this very day how much brains the little thing really has! Charlie Walker* has just lost his youngest child which [must *?*] be a great grief for it was a beautiful baby a little over a year old and named for Mr. Walker too. William wrote me that he had intended coming down for Sunday, but was kept at home for the funeral of course. Tabby has some crutches now which she is beginning to use he says, which is a great step in the right direction. I am so impatient for your letter which I shall hardly have before tomorrow or Wednesday I suppose, for it will have to go home first and there is only one mail a

[*Page 7*]

day directly here, to our house —

Do you think it would be nice to get a little stamp for our letter paper with South Berwick on it? You get them and the stamping done for next

to nothing at Mascarts* in Baker St. I remember we talked about it once and happened to think about it just now. If you go up to Edinburg bring me some of those fuzzy gloves from John Whites Shetland Warehouse on Frederick St. will you? Don't trouble to hunt them up, only if you are going there. There's a price list that he sends out of all those Shetland things, which may prove helpful to you to bring for gifts, those with black jackets being so beseemed [by *corrected*] everybody. Uncle Will would adore another pair of those knit gloves I am sure. It may seem curious in this connection to say that I beg and pray you not to spend time and

[*Page 8*]

strength hunting things [to bring *corrected*] me for I know too well how much is taken out of one by such business. The sight of you will be far better than anything else and so take me at my word — there's a dear sister.

Does it ever make you laugh when you think of Caddy staggering home with her deck load of lumber after I came home? Poor dear Caddy{.} Princess, Sarah is named to be quite faded looking, her pretty brown coat being all bleached out by this hot sun. We had a big hail storm just before I left home Saturday which must have pelted her ladyship well. Mr Tucker said he wanted to go to the beach next week for a few days, just as I came away, but I dare say it will be like many another going off that we have heard of. [Ala *?*]* has been off two or three weeks with no immediate prospect of return

[*Page 9*]

so perhaps he is planning to join her at York for a season. I think a little change would be well myself, it having been an ^off^ time at times. Aunt Gov. says that the [Soule's* *so it appears*] are coming home the 13th of October in the Pavonia. I believe they are in London now, and busy with clothes. Where is Katechen* and is there any prospect of her coming this fall? I hear the Aunts arising from their naps so I will say goodbye to you for this time and my love to Mrs. Fields but I can't tell you how affly I am yrs

M.R.J.

All the aunts send much love. Herring & Mr. Fowler have just been here for a call, with every particular.

Notes

Hoffman: This may be Richard Hoffman (1831-1909), a British-born American pianist and composer. He composed a setting for Sarah Orne Jewett's poem, "Boat Song," in 1879.

Mrs. Robeson: Possibly, the Jewetts were acquainted with Anna Rodman Robeson (1817-1895) of Boston. See Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields, tentatively dated 22 December 1889.

Julia Stout: It is possible that this is Juliett Louisa "Julia" Stout Conklin (1853-1948), author of *The Young People's History of Indiana*.

Alexander's: Lucia Gray Swett Alexander. Key to Correspondents.

See Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel of 1 May 1892 and to Lucia Gray Swett Alexander of 4 December 1892.

John Gardner: Probably the husband of Isabel Stuart Gardner. Key to Correspondents. Gilman Park is on Bell St. in Exeter, NH.

Carrie Hayes: This person has not yet been identified.

Brother Guiot: This person has not yet been identified. Presumably he offers lessons in French.

Persy's ... Gladys: Mary Persis Bell Bailey was the mother of Gladys (1887-1915).

Mr. Bell: Charles Henry Bell was Gladys's grandfather, but Jewett appears to have written "Biel."

Charlie Walker: Probably this is Dr. Charles Rumford Walker (1852-1922), husband of Frances Sheafe Walker (1859-1928). They lost their son Joseph Burbeen Walker (1891- 4 August 1892). Find a Grave.

Mascarts: This transcription is uncertain. Presumably a London stationer or printer.

Ala: This person is not yet identified.

Soule's: The Jewett's Exeter relatives were acquainted with members of the Soule family, among them Dr Nicholas Emery Soule (1825-1919) and his wife Dr. Lucy Rhodes Weaver (1852-1922) and Augustus Lord Soule (1827-1887), who married Maria Gray Soule (1829-1911). Maria Gray was the only surviving sister of Aunt Mary E. Gray Bell. Find a Grave.

Katechen: Grace Gordon Treadwell Walden's older sister, Kate Hoffendahl. See Walden in

Key to Correspondents and Mary R. Jewett to Sarah O. Jewett of 14 August 1889.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Loring Dresel

22 Clarges St. London
9 August 1892*

Dear Loulie

I liked your dear and busy letter yesterday very much and I especially wish to see the "picky" with the green boat that you saw "off' Mrs Cabot's* lawn! ------ There are many other points which I should speak about if I could and we were talking — If you are seeing Mifs Martha Silsbee* still, do give my love to her, and be sure to tell me how the photograph came out —

[*Page 2*]

(Please to forgive the blot on the last page !!) — You see by my date that we have come to London — but we do not stay here much, taking lovely scurries in different directions every week — I haven't been very well of late — I think the baths make one very fragile so to speak! for a time and I have been much more careful of me than I generally take the trouble to be, but the chill of cloudy days doesn't suit. We went to the edge of Yorkshire last week and crossed some lovely

[*Page 3*]

moors to hear Robert Collyer* make an address to his country people on the occasion of a new [school *corrected*] house and little library. It was one of the best of good times — some day I will tell you all about it — but mention in passing that while we stayed at Ilkley (a lovely place) we went to see Haworth which was close by and so now I [know *corrected*] the Brontës as I never did before — I can see their pale faces at the parsonage windows{.} I can see their thin figures climb the great slopes of the moors, and nobody knows until she has been to Haworth what a sad little grey hill town it is, or how sure to give

[*Page 4*]

bad dreams to lonely girls like those three famous sisters ----- As we came down we went to Lincoln and old Boston and more than that we stopped at Peterborough (an enchanting place) and at Ely and so came to Cambridge for a night because I wished to know how it looked, if there weren't time to see all one wished of it. Wasn't that a scurry indeed?

I was so glad to hear about your aunties and the ladies.* You are always so nice at telling things I must say so again — Today I saw Mrs. Douglas Wiggin* whom Mrs. Cabot & Miss Howes liked and were good to and

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 1*]

she spoke of them with great affection — She has been ill poor thing and has come over for only two months or so — I think you liked her Christmas story didnt you? her

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 2*]

Birds Christmas carol — I seldom read much — I am afraid I dont know how so well as when I left home — for what with my eyes and being so taken up in other ways — I let

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 3*]

books lie about and tuck them into a trunk at last with strange indifference — A.F. is better about it than I.

[*Up the left margin and across the top margin of page 4*]

Good by — I know that this letter might have been better if I had waited for more time but I felt like sending word

Yours ever affectionately

S.O.J.

Notes

1892: Associated with this letter is a black-bordered envelope addressed to Miss Dresel at Cove Hill in Beverly, MA. and cancelled in Beverly on 21 August 1892. The stationery of this letter also is black bordered.

Cabot's: Susan Burley Howes Cabot, Dresel's neighbor in Beverly, MA. Key to Correspondents.

Martha Silsbee: Probably American watercolorist, Martha Silsbee (1859-1928). Monadnock Art.

Collyer: Robert Collyer. Key to Correspondents.

aunties and the ladies: Which of Dresel's aunts these are is not yet known. Among her aunts, Jewett sometimes singled out Caroline Howard King and her sister, Susan. It seems likely that "the ladies" are Dresel's Beverly neighbors,

Susan Burley Howes Cabot and her sister, Elizabeth Howes. Key to Correspondents.

Wiggin: Kate Douglas Wiggin. She published *The Birds' Christmas Carol* in 1888. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. AS Autograph file J, Box 101.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Little Boars Head
Thursday Aug 11th
1892

Dear Sister:

It is so hot that my ideas are not what they might be this morning, but there are symptoms of a sea breeze so we take courage{.} It is a time of dead low tides in the early morning which is not an agreeable time to be at the seaside, but later on it gets cooler. After all this preface you will see that we do not do much that is worth talking about, for we are glad to keep still, only we do manage a walk sometime in the day. It is rather good to have nothing special to do for the summer has been a pretty busy one for me in one way and another. Annie Barker came down yesterday for her annual visitation at the Bells and brought news of Fred Nealley's death which has been expected daily for more than a week. I am sure I didnt tell you in my letter that Mrs. Paul* had had

[*Page 2*]

a shock the morning I came away from which she has never revived and she too is probably dead before this. She has been so forlorn there without Mr Paul, and so tied to her chair that it will be a blessed release to her, but how the old neighbors and friends are going away from us. [Annie *corrected*] looked tired and as if a three weeks stay here would be an excellent thing for her but I think she rather dreaded that buzzing beehive at the Bell Cottage if the truth were known. I was so glad to get your letter Tuesday night and how charming it is about seeing Mr. DuMaurier.* I long to hear more about it, and about your going to Ilkley and all the rest. Sometimes "I cannot wait" to get you here, for the six weeks seem nearly as long in anticipation as the six months have in retrospect, which is saying a good deal. Caddy and son were stepping to York yesterday for the Coaching Parade,*

[*Page 3*]

which is the greatest occasion of the whole year for the region. Mrs Burleigh had got ahead of Mrs. Creamer* with the bedding which was a vast trial about which little was said however! They had a beautiful day and evening and I hope a good time, but the crowd must have been simply frightful for every available room was said to be engaged weeks ago. Caddy and Thider were to drive down yesterday morning with Betty and come back today early because of Fred [Nealley *so it appears*] funeral. Tomorrow Aunt Gov and Mr. Bell have planned to go to Magnolia to see a friend so Aunt Long and I will keep house and try to have a good time. Nobody has appeared from Exeter for two days. I didnt know but what Frances and Auntie might air the new carry all in this direction, but they haven't shown themselves yet. Yesterday Aunt Gov. and I sat down with our paint

[*Page 4*]

boxes for a season in the morning, and had a very good time. Such a dear letter as I had from Kate Doe* again this week who is having the most beautiful time in all the world in Volendam, and had just been to Marken* to her great delight. I sent it home to Caddy to make up for a poor letter of mine or I would send it to you first to let you see how waked up the child is{.} Think how delightful it will be if I can get any skill with my brush for us to do things together by and by. When Susy Ward* comes which I hope will be early next week I hope she will go sketching and then I can watch her and get some points. Theres such a picture coming up the steep little road from the shore this minute for the sea is just a little hazy, and somebody is coming up with a bright parasol between the walls of [*unrecognized, possibly deleted word*] earth either side{.} It doesn't sound pretty as I write

[*Page 5*]

it, but it is very pretty to see.

Aunt Gov gave me such a pretty little picture of the old churchyard at Bettws y Coed* last night with the big yew trees in it. She cut it out of some paper I believe but it was so true that it brought back such nice walks we had through the place.

Fanny Hale* will be coming soon won't she? It seems to me that the first of September was the

time set but I am not sure. I think it is best to let the money for your mortgage wait until you come back, and the [B & M *?*] matter also because it is hard to know what to invest in any way, and as for the other thing they evidently don't mean to pay it to me but you will have no trouble when you get home. Of course they ought to be careful, but that old Blanchard the treasurer makes a good deal of extra bother every way he can. People have always growled endlessly about his [graft *?*] ways{.} I was so glad to hear that Mrs Fields

[*Page 6*]

could let the Manchester house. I have thought about it several times and wondered whether it was occupied{.} I hope Cora* is getting a sufficient good time out of her summer to make her happy and satisfied. No doubt she is though, for as you often told me it is enough to be over there. Is it the first of September that she sails for home? I shall hope to see her soon to get the latest news from you. Jack* writes Thider long letters about the joys of the [camp *?*] life, which fire young Stubby's soul to be going too, for they seem to be having a beautiful time up there. He is coming to stay with Thider the first of Sept I believe which will be a deep joy to the [lads *?*] and not without its compensations to Andrew.* Has anything been heard of the state of Crabby's* health this summer. Timmy was named to have come in with such a reek that Bromo Chloral,* the broom two pails of water with [Bunnie's *?*]* best skill had only made him bearable{.} That pair of worthies cannot be beaten for letting their eight legs get them into mischief. If you could only see them setting in the library window tails inside on the watch for something to bark at you would have to laugh in spite of yourself{.}

[*Page 7*]

Annie Barker said they had a big shower at home Wednesday so my fears for the garden were groundless. The asters are beautiful this year and I cannot bear to have them dry up now just as they are coming into bloom{.} All Exeter seems absorbed in the Summer School which seems a great success. I do not know if it will come there next year, for I believe there has been a talk of taking it somewhere near Chicago to be handy to the Exhibition* too! Helen Bell and Frances and their two husbands go, but I do not know what they are taking up. Seems to me that Frances and Bert are in an Italian class for one thing. Ventura* is coming here to give a lecture on Dante next week I believe, for the benefit of some object. Next week is set for the Decorative Art sale which I am sorry to miss, for one likes at least to see the pretty things. [Saturday *corrected*] eve I shall be going home, and I suppose next week will [fess *?*] Susy Ward and

[*Page 8*]

cooler weather too I hope. Have you ever heard anything about Mrs Pit's daughter?* She looked so very ill when I saw her in Boston that I wonder if she can be alive now, poor little thing{.} Annie Chadwick* has been better but is not so well now and Cousin Fanny* has ill turns every little while of some form of heart trouble, so it is a forlorn household, though Aunt Long declares that she doesn't think Cousin Fanny takes in how serious Annie's care is, which is lucky for her present comfort. Now I'll set about my after dinner nap which will be most comforting this warm day. Aunts are both sleeping the sleep of the just so I cannot send a pretty message from them, as I should be pleased to do but give my love to Mrs. Fields won't you. Affly yours

M.R.J.

Notes

Fred Nealley's death: Fred T. Nealley (1855- 9 August 1892).

Mrs Paul: Sarah F. Johnson Paul (1818-1892) and Josiah Paul (1813- 23 February 1892) operated the Paul Hotel in South Berwick until their deaths. Find a Grave

*DuMauriе*r: George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier. Key to Correspondents.

Parade: A procession of horse-drawn coaches and carriages was a relatively common celebratory community event in England and the United States.

Mrs Creamer: This person has not yet been identified.

Marken: Catherine Doe was visiting villages in Netherlands. See Edith Haven Doe in Key to Correspondents and Jewett's letter to Sarah Orne Jewett of 20 August 1889.

Susy Ward: Susan Hayes Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Coed: A village in Wales, UK. See Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett of 21 June 1889.

Fanny Hale: Almost certainly, Fanny Hale was Ellen Day Hale (1855-1940), an American impressionist painter and printmaker, daughter of author and minister Edward Everett Hale and Emily Baldwin Perkins (1829-1914). Key to Correspondents.

B & M: Since the topic is investments, this may refer to the Boston & Maine Railroad. Mr. Blanchard, the treasurer, has not yet been identified.

Cora: Cora Lee Clark Rice. Key to Correspondents.

Jack ... Andrew: These persons have not yet been identified.

Crabby's: Crabby was at this time a dog belonging to Annie Adams Fields.

Chloral: Contemporary ads tout Bromo Chloralum as a powerful, safe, non-poisonous, odorless deodorizer, disinfectant, saline antiseptic, manufactured by the Bromo Chemical Company.

Bunnie's: This transcription is uncertain and this person remains unidentified.

Exhibition: Probably the World's Columbian Exposition that was held in Chicago in 1893.

Ventura ... lecture on Dante: Ventura has not yet been identified. The lecture topic was the Italian poet, Dante Alighieri (c. 1265-1321).

Mrs. Pit's daughter: This transcription is uncertain, and this person has not yet been identified.

Annie Chadwick: Probably this is Annie Hathaway Chadwick, wife of Rev. John White Chadwick. Key to Correspondents.

Cousin Fanny: Probably Cousin Fanny is the adopted daughter of Helen W. Gilman. Key to Correspondents.

Annie Adams Fields to Thomas Bailey Aldrich

[*August 1892*]*

Dear friend:

The dark dull day was lighted by your "Sea Longings{.}" It is a poem to live by! I feel happy when I think of home, that you are ours, and that we really see you and can love you both —

It is very wet and sunless here just now, but intensely interesting as usual. We have been seeing all the old Sir William Dugdale* books at the lady's house* you will recall and many other interesting people and things of which & whom we will talk together soon. We sail on the 22^{d} of Sept^{r} —

Sarah sends you both her love with mine. May we meet soon again. Best regards to Mr. Pierce.* Bon voyage.

Your Annie Fields.

[*Up the left margin*]

We go North in about a week, but we stay here until we go to Whitby & Scotland.

Notes

1892: The upper right corner of the page has been cut away. However, the content makes clear that this letter was written from England during the European trip Fields and Jewett made during the spring and summer of 1892.

"Sea Longings": Aldrich's "Sea-Longings" appeared in *Century Magazine* in August 1892.

Sir William Dugdale: There were several prominent Englishmen of this name. Probably Fields refers to William Stratford Dugdale (1828-1882) who died heroically in an 1882 mining accident. He was a beloved pupil of Benjamin Jowett at Oxford. In *The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett* (1897) appears Mrs. Dugdale's account of her husband's love and respect for his teacher and Jowett's letter to her upon Dugdale's death. See Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman of 20 August 1892.

Pierce: Henry Lille Pierce. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: MS Am 1429, Box 6, Items 1446-1538.

Mary Augusta (Mrs. Humphry) Ward to Annie Adams Fields

[*Begin letterhead*]

STOCKS,
TRING.

[*End letterhead*]

Aug 13/92.

Dear M^{rs} Fields

I am very sorry — your letter to me if I remember right, reached me one day at Grosvenor Place when I had gone up from here

to consult a doctor. I was then ill, read it hastily, meant to answer it, came down

[*Page 2*]

here a good deal worse, & as I penitently admit quite forgot it. Ever since that day I have been on [*deleted word*] the sofa ^or in bed^ struggling with the results of a horrid internal chill, & very dazed and stupid in mind. So I hope you will forgive me — though I find it hard to forgive myself! —

I wish I could tell you

[*Page 3*]

where Ethel* is, but at this moment I do not know! Last week she went to Scotland, promising to send us her address when she knew it, but it has not come, and neither my sister nor I have an idea where she is. Somewhere in Skye we believe — but that is hardly an address!

Directly I know it, I will send it to you — Meanwhile, would it be possible for you to

[*Page 4*]

come ^down^ here to lunch one day next week? — on Wednesday, or Saturday? We should be so glad to see you, & we are very accessible from London — The 11.45 train from Euston would bring you here at 12.53. We could meet you & send you back in a 4.51 train in the afternoon. I hope you will ^let me^ have such an opportunity of atoning for my abominable behavior. I am writing

[*Cross-written in the top margin of page 1*]

in bed. but I hope by then to be better.

Yours sincerely
Mary A. Ward

Notes

Ethel: Ethel Margaret Arnold. See Mrs. Humphry Ward in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda: mss FI 5637, Box 64, Ward, Mary Augusta (Arnold), 14 pieces.

Alice Greenwood Howe to Sarah Orne Jewett (and Annie Adams Fields)

Innsbruck —
Aug 16 —
[1892]*

Of all the Sarahs I ever knew, you are [really *?*] the unkindest! [Never *?*] to say in your last if Morgan is your banker or if you got both my letters from [Venice *?*]* — A most impractical Sarah! So, [here *?*] goes another sheet of paper up into the air, [heavy *?*] with love & longing, to find its feeble way to you —

I'm now slowly journeying northward, roosting in the coolest boughs to be found, but not too high — [Venice became *?*]

[*Page 2*]

[hot *?*] before [we tore *?*] ourselves [away *?*] two days ago, but we felt it was [time *?*] to [move *?*] — at [Verona *?*] was the usual [noise *?*] & impossibility of [*unrecognized word*] & [*unrecognized word*] always great charm & interest — a small earthquake shook us gently out of its gates! & we took [council] & went to Trent* — , went through [the mountains *?*] went through the [hills *?*] called the [Chiese di Verona *?*], where [Barbarossa *?*]* [came down *?*] some [few *?*] years ago! Trent is [smart *?*] & sympathetic & we stayed two days [prancing *?*] about — Then to [Bötym *?*] which we know well, where the sharp hands

[*Page 3*]

of Dolomites point up into the blue — Two days there & so here, where we wait for a telegram from Salzburg, which has just come that we may go with rooms ready next Monday — Meantime we want to [break *?*] the way at Zell am See, higher yet than [*unrecognized word*] in the Tyrol — If we succeed in this crowded season, we go tomorrow — These Tyrol mountains are more sympathetic to me than [Swiss land *?*] — , I cant just tell why, & the people [put on *?*] their feathers stuck just where you wouldnt put them on hats, & their Edelweis too, are simple [*unrecognized word*] yet, & [much *?*] pleasanter than Germans — After Salzburg [quickly *?*] up to Dresden — until we turn our faces to the South once more — [Do *?*] say when you write how you liked du Maurier* — I hope you fell deeply in love with him — And how good that A.F. has new hats & bonnets, and is happy —

When you are in Boston next winter, I hope you will both know young Joseph Lindon Smith,*

[the *?*] young earnest worker as I am not — He was in [Venice *?*] with his brother [*one or two unrecognized words*], & [mother *?*] — He draws & paints things that nobody else does, so [was *?*]

[*Page 4*]

2

[*unrecognized word*] & faithfully, & with true feeling — But you [had *?*] probably known of him as the one who colored the Hermes & the Venus Genetrix as they think they probably [were *?*] — , & Robinson* wrote a pamphlet thereupon{.}

Dont go home too early, dear two — Have as long an outing as you possibly can make it & the memories will make the [sun shine *?*] all winter — Letters from our family at Beverly Farms tell of [peace *?*], & that [Alice *?*]* is happier than perhaps she has ever been — -, and going about a great deal, not harassed by the Vt. family, & in fact,

[*Page 5*]

most independent & contented. How [curious *?*] it all is; as if one [should stumble *?*] into a hole in the road, & get a bit bruised & stumble out again, & get [*unrecognized word*] [beskinned *?*] again in a jiffy!

Do write, both of you, & I shall send this to Morgan in hopes — Have read the Sinners Comedy,* a bitter sad clever book, & Countess Eve by Shorthouse, quite German in tone & spirit, I think — but Wreckers by Stevenson,* a horrid, useless book, in my poor opinion —

[George sits *?*] at your [4 *?*] feet & I am with my heart to both

Your loving and faithful
Alice —

[*Page 6*]

I slip in a bit of a view, & a [*two unrecognized words*] of [*two unrecognized words*] of the great bronze statues which stand, 28 of them, round the Hapsburg tomb in the church — King Arthur* the first figure —

Notes

1892: Though "1900?" appears in another hand at the top of page 1, almost certainly, this letter was composed in 1892. From February through October of 1892, during the Jewett and Fields tour of Europe.

Venice: Howe's handwriting is very challenging, and much of this letter is guesswork, not just the items in brackets about which I am even less sure.

Trent: While Howe seems clearly to have written "Trent" twice, almost certainly she refers to Trento, Italy.

Barbarossa: Presumably Frederick Barbarossa (1122-1190), Holy Roman Emperor (1155-1190). Wikipedia.

du Maurier: George du Maurier. Key to Correspondents.

Lindon Smith: Key to Correspondents. Howe refers to Edward Robinson, *The Hermes of Praxiteles and the Venus Genetrix: Experiments in Restoring the Color of Greek Sculpture by Joseph Lindon Smith* (Boston: Alfred Mudge & Son, 1892). His only surviving brother was Albert Greenleaf Smith (1867- 19 November 1892).

Alice: This person has not yet been identified.

Sinners Comedy: *The Sinner's Comedy* (1892) by Anglo-American novelist Pearl Mary Teresa Richards (1867-1906), who published as John Oliver Hobbes. Wikipedia.

Shorthouse: English novelist Joseph Henry Shorthouse (1834-1903) published *The Countess Eve* in 1888. Wikipedia.

Wreckers by Stevenson: This transcription is uncertain, but it appears Howe refers to *The Wrecker* (1892) by Scottish novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894). Wikipedia.

Arthur: Howe refer to the memorial to Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian I (1459-1519) in the Court Church in Innsbruck. See "Court Church" in Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Howe, Alice (Greenwood) 1835-1924. 4 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.], 1892-[1900]. (102). This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 2, Folder 99, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Mary Rice Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett

Thursday Aug 18
1892

Dear Sarah:

We were extra pleased with your letter tonight for we had had none this week before, and it seemed a long time to wait, but the letter was nice enough to make up{.} I am so pleased that you have seen all those East English places for they were so interesting to me. If only you could have added beautiful Durham and Ripon, but one cannot do everything in one summer!

Didn't Kings Chapel fill your heart with its beautiful windows? We didn't hear the music for everything was closed for the long vacation and it was only by getting an engaging little son of the sexton ^to show us^ that we saw the interior at all. Did you know that all those windows were buried in the Fellows garden to save them from Cromwell,* and they never could find

[*Page 2*]

one of them to this day? It is so very interesting to come down from Durham and see Lincoln Cathedral rising like a great island out of the fen country. We had a beautiful time there. I wonder if you saw a queer old Saxon arch across the ^side^walk just a little way from the cathedral? There was a funny little shop close by where a little old woman, widow of some church official sold photographs, and she told us so many nice things, some things about Ely especially that would have missed our notice I am sure but for her, nice little old Mrs. Adams* that she was. We never got to Haworth* after all our trying, and perhaps it is as well that the Brontë life does not look any blacker to me than it does after all. What became of Mr Collyer?* Did you leave him to the tender mercies of those good souls who will feast him to death if he doesn't look out?

[*Page 3*]

This has been rather an uneventful week in this family, for the heat has kept us indoors a good deal and also has kept our friends at home so I have hardly been out of sight of the house since I came home from Rye. John is taking a vacation and evidently finds it the hardest work he has done for some time, for he hangs round the barn for a season every morning, and spends the better part of the day where he can keep an eye on things!

I asked him about the story of Ala's* departure, and he declared that she had only gone away to work but was sick of it and coming back at once, which is the truth ^probably^. She has been in a great way to get him to move away for some time and this is the outcome of it. ~~probably~~. Hilborn* is present and so pleased to be the head man, besides being very glad of the money, for they have had a hard year with sickness,

[*Page 4*]

and I am glad to get a good many things done up about the place.

Susy is going to Sandwich tomorrow for a week or ten days. Lizzie [*unrecognized name*] was asked to go too but cannot, which has rather dampened Susys ardor about going I think. Mrs. Knight and Charlotte* have gone to Vermont to visit Mr. Knights niece so their house is shut up for a couple of weeks.

William Fiske* is coming down for a Sunday to talk things over he says, I suppose about Abba. I pity him for it must be a heavy load for him to carry. Misses Ellis* has signified that she will come about the 29th for a few days on her way home, which will be pleasant. Susy Ward* is still in Yarmouth but Hetta has gone home to Newark. I believe Dr. Ward is going abroad next month to the Oriental Society meeting, so Hetta scurried off to get home before he leaves. It is too bad that Mme Blanc

[*Page 5*]

cannot come as you hoped she could, but perhaps you will like it just as well in the spring, for it would be a little hard to give her a good time when you are just home after such a long absence, before you have time to get settled yourselves, so you will have the pleasure of anticipation{.}

We are promised cooler weather which will indeed be a blessing for the mercury stands at 90° most of the time, and we are all tired with the long pull. Fortunately the rains came last week or we should be burned up, but the grass is as green as June again and the trees are beautiful. Tonight I have been to see Lizzie Walker who has just come back from York. People are beginning to appear in the streets again, and a [*unrecognized word*] more will make things seem more natural{.} Caddy has decided to send Thider to the Academy this fall, for Tompy and

[*Page 6*]

all others in authority are going, and really it is high time he went there. Think of that child being five feet ~~and~~ one inch and a half, just an inch shorter than I am. If you could have seen him cantering off on Betty after tea for a little spin before he went to bed you would hardly have believed that he was the same child you left behind. Jane Sewall has gone to the Fryeburg Centennial. They had great doubts about the success of it beforehand, so I am curious to know what the result [is *?*]. I wish you could see how fine the window boxes are, for the vines are actually running in at the windows now and trailing down on the roof besides. Perhaps they will not be all frozen stiff when you get home. Surely there isn't much prospect of it at present. Mrs. Paul* is very sick and suffering poor soul, for she

[*Page 7*]

is so heavy that they cannot do things they would for anybody else, and now they will all be thankful when she can die and be released. Horace* hasn't come back yet from Boston and Exeter, but is daily expected. I believe he does not mean to stay more than a day or two, and then go home.

Caddy had views of going to York for Sunday, but thinks she will not now that William is coming. We want a talk with him about business for several things of Caddy's have come due, and she must get something to put this money in. I suppose you are in the full tide of visits this week and shall watch especially for more particulars. It was too bad that you got cricks again, but I hope you are all over them by this time. Do you feel the good effects yet of the baths? I had an idea that it is a month or two before one comes to the full goodness after

[*Page 8*]

a course. You dont know what a good time I had reading Country By-ways* yesterday afternoon. I just took it up to find something I wanted, and then read on and on until the darkness came. It seems so strange to have so little twilight now for it is quite dusk at seven oclock. We have been out so little for evening drives all summer that I quite feel that the summer is wasted, but the nights have been almost as hot as the days, so there has been more comfort in staying in the house. It is gray and cooler this Friday morning as if it might rain and bring the promised coolness by night.

Ive just been trying to rack my brain for the name of a High Church somewhere in the neighborhood of Cavendish Sq where they have exquisite music. The church is a comparatively small one, but Mrs. Tyler took me there because it was celebrated for its music, but the name has quite gone out of my memory. Some Sunday you would find it quite interesting to go to the Foundling Asylum Ch and then see the big dining hall and all the children come marching in, if you never have been there before. All the family

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

send their love and so do I to you & Mrs Fields

Affly

MR. J

Notes

Cromwell: British politician and soldier, Oliver Cromwell (1599-1658). Wikipedia.

Adams: See Mary Jewett to Sarah Orne Jewett of 17 September 1889.

Haworth: A village in West Yorkshire, UK, best remembered as the home of the British authors and sisters, Emily, Charlotte, and Anne Brontë.

Collyer: Robert Collyer. Key to Correspondents.

Ala: This person is not yet identified.

Hilborn: This person who apparently did yard work for the Jewetts has not yet been identified.

Knight and Charlotte: Helen Cross Knight and her sister, Charlotte Tilton Cross. Key to Correspondents.

William Fiske: William / Billy Perry Fiske (1853-1914). See Abby Gilman Perry in Key to Correspondents.

Ellis: Emma Harding Claflin Ellis. Key to Correspondents.

Susy Ward ... Dr. Ward: Susan Hayes Ward and William Hayes Ward. Key to Correspondents.

Lizzie Walker: South Berwick neighbor, Mary Elizabeth Hobbs Walker (1848-1934), spouse of the John Francis Walker, head of the South Berwick Savings Bank, where Rebecca Young was secretary.

Mrs. Paul: Sarah F. Johnson Paul (1818-1892) and Josiah Paul (1813- 23 February 1892)

operated the Paul Hotel in South Berwick until their deaths. Find a Grave

Horace: Horace Jewett. This branch of the Jewett family is not well-known. Horace may be the son of Thomas Jewett (1790-1864) who was born in 1834. However, Horace was a relatively common name in the Jewett family

Country By-ways: Sarah Orne Jewett's story collection appeared in 1881.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

London 20 August 1892
[*Begin letterhead in red*]
22, Clarges Street,
May Fair, W
[*End letterhead*]

I a-thinking of you this Sunday morning and wishing we were having a word together. I believe that I wrote you last from Yorkshire and there seems to be so much to tell since that my pen quite flies in the air like a horse that wont go — We had a lovely [scurry *?*] indeed, home from Ilkley by the way of "Lincoln Peterborough and Ely" not to speak of Boston and Cambridge* where we gave ourselves just time enough to see Newnham

[*Page 2*]

and to have a walk and to go to the afternoon service at King's College chapel* and to stray afterward in the dusk into Trinity hall to see the portraits, and then to our inn to sleep as best we might after a great day and go on to London in the morning.

We spent eight solid hours in the house of Commons one Tuesday night to hear the great debate* and were flying about a good deal all that week and at the end we went up into Warwickshire to stay with Mrs. Dugdale,* a most charming visit in a storybook country house which we both enjoyed enormously and then by Oxford back to London again

[*Page 3*]

and this last week we have been seeing much of ^the^ Arnolds who have come back to town because Nelly's father in law of the house of Kimberley* is in the new government and there was a revival of 'society' for a brief space by which we profited. It is a very good time for being in London on the whole — but we have been spending nights and making day journeys in the neighborhood and begin to feel that we are not likely to see half enough of London itself — But what can I tell you (with a common Flying Scotchman pen*) of going to see my lord and lady Tennyson* down among the Surrey hills. It meant a great deal more to me than when I saw them before. I wish I could make you know their wonderful faces — one goes into their presence with

[*Page 4*]

the feeling of a former age — I believe that I know exactly what I should have felt a thousand years ago if I were paying a friendly visit to my King, but it is the high court of poetry at Aldworth whatever one may say. My Lord Tennyson was so funny and cross about newspapers and reporters that I feel his shadow above me even in this letter innocent hearted as I be! — he has suffered deep wrongs indeed: perhaps it is well that I cant write long enough to tell you many delightful things that he said and did, ^saying some of his poetry once or twice in a wonderful way,^ except one which belongs to you: his complete delight in my Japanese

[*Page 5, on Clarges Street letterhead*]

crystal which he looked at over and over and wondered much about, and enjoyed, and thought to find things in it — Wasn't that nice of you S.W.? and you a giving it to me — but indeed so many people beside a poet have liked me for it, and remember me now as the person to whom it belonged! If I could have given it to anybody in this world, I could have given it to Tennyson then and there, but no! and now I like it more because he likes it, a shining in its silver leaves.

Yesterday, we spent the day with Mrs Humphry Ward* who has been ill for a while and is just

[*Page 6*]

getting better. Somehow she seemed so much younger and more girlish than I expected even with Ethel* her next sister clear and dear in my mind. Ethel was not there but Mrs. Huxley* and the [*unrecognized word inserted, in pencil and possibly in another hand. The next word "*old*" has been deleted.*] old father and his wife [*one third of a line has been left blank*] and Mr. Ward himself for which I was very glad. I quite long to have you know Mrs. Ward. you [*apparently not capitalized*] would quite take her to your heart. She is very clear and shining in her young mind, brilliant and full of charm but with a lovely

simplicity and sincerity of manner. I think of her with warmest affection and a sacred expectation of what she is sure

[*Page 7*]

to do if she keeps strong, and sorrow does not break her eager young heart too soon. Her life burns with a very fierce flame and she has not in the least done all that she can do — but just now it seems to me that her vigor is a good deal spent. She has [three *corrected*] most lovely children. The young son was busy with cricket match, and we beheld a good part of it, and saw the charming old gardens and altogether it was a very pleasant day indeed, and held pleasure enough for two or three.

Now that I have begun to tell things I wish to write you a complete autobiography of two weeks, but all the other people

[*Page 8*]

and things must wait until I see you —

Except perhaps that I must tell you how wonderfully well Mary Beaumont* looks and seems.

This week we are going to Cobham to stay a few days with dear Mrs. Arnold who would touch you with her changed looks — She has grown so much older since that merry day when we went to the first feast at Old Place.* She asks so affectionately for you, and is just as dear as ever.

When you get this letter I think we shall be staying up at Whitby on our way to Edinburgh seeing the du Mauriers* again according to agreement and other friends and liking to go there because Mr. Lowell* was always talking about it and was so fond of it. Then we go on to Edinburgh.

See what a little place I have left to send A.F's* love in! but here it goes

Goodbye dear

from your S.O.J.

[*Up the left margin of page 5*]

Madame Blanc has had to give up coming until toward spring{.}

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

You might be expecting the Cephalonia in about the second of October you might! There will be swan quills* in the hold. You a dozen{,} A.F. a dozen and me the odd one of twenty-five, on account of my having less use for it.

Notes

"Lincoln Peterborough and Ely"... Boston and Cambridge: All are towns in Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, Great Britain.

Newnham … King's College chapel: Though this is somewhat confusing, it seems clear that Jewett refers to the town of Cambridge in England and to Cambridge University. The University is thought to have begun in the 12th century. Newnham was a woman's college, one of the pioneers in women's education at Cambridge. King's Chapel and Trinity Hall remain sights for tourists. Regarding the portraits in Trinity Hall, ArtUK.org says: "A number of paintings tell the story of the College through portraits of a succession of notable Fellows and Masters. One such painting is of Sir John Lyons by John Bellany, who was artist in residence. He collaborated with our Fellow and eminent surgeon, Sir Roy Calne, whose own painting 'Mr Sloots and Mr Wright having Tea' captures a friendly moment between two respected members of staff, while his portraits of Shaun Wylie and Thaddeus Mann (Fellows, friends and colleagues) are enjoyed by visitors."

the great debate: In August of 1892, a vote of "no confidence" forced a change of government in Great Britain. At the time of Jewett's visit, it is likely that William Gladstone was forming a new government.

Mrs. Dugdale: This is Mrs. W. S. Dugdale. Her husband, who died heroically in an 1882 mining accident, was a beloved pupil of Benjamin Jowett at Oxford. In *The Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett* (1897), appears her account of her husband's love and respect for his teacher and Jowett's letter to her upon Dugdale's death.

Arnolds … Nelly's father in law... Kimberley: In 1889 Matthew Arnold's daughter, Eleanor, married Armine Wodehouse, "the younger son of Lord Kimberley of the India Office" (Park Homan, *Matthew Arnold: A Life*, 1981, 423). Key to Correspondents.

Flying Scotchman pen: "The Flying Scotchman" in the nineteenth century was a London to Edinburgh train renowned for its speed. Hence, this pen writes very fast. (Research: Betty Rogers)

Tennyson: According to *Wikipedia*, Alfred Lord Tennyson resided in Farmingford House on the

Isle of Wight after 1853, but found himself so pestered there by tourists that he moved to Aldworth, in West Sussex in 1869, spending only his winters at Farmingford. Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Humphry Ward … Ethel: For Mary Augusta Ward, her sister Ethel Arnold, and family see Key to Correspondents.

Mrs. Huxley: Almost certainly, this is Mrs. Leonard Huxley, or Julia Arnold Huxley, daughter of Matthew Arnold's brother, scholar Thomas Arnold (1823-1900), and sister of Mary Augusta Ward and Ethel Arnold. Leonard was the son of scientist and writer, Thomas Henry Huxley (1825-1895). Leonard and Julia became the parents of novelist Aldous Leonard Huxley (1894-1963) and poet/scientist Sir Julian Huxley (1887-1975).

Mary Beaumont: Probably, this Mary Beaumont is the author of *Joan Seaton a Story of Percival-Dion in the Yorkshire Dales* (1896) and *A Ringby Lass & Other Stories* (1895), but this is not certain.

Old Place: Whitman's home at Beverly Farms, MA.

du Mauriers: George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier. Key to Correspondents.

Mr. Lowell: James Russell Lowell. Key to Correspondents.

swan quills: Wikipedia says that swan quills were the best for larger lettering and were more expensive than goose quills commonly used for writing. However, they were less used after the beginning of mass production of metal pens in the early 19th century.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

Fields Transcription

Annie Fields included most of this letter in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911). Her transcription follows. The origin of the final paragraph is as yet unknown. It may not be from a letter to Whitman.

I believe that I wrote you last from Yorkshire, and there seems to be so much to tell since, that my pen quite flies in the air, like a horse that won't go. We had a lovely scurry indeed, home from Ilkley by the way of "Lincoln, Peterborough, and Ely," not to speak of Boston and Cambridge, where we gave ourselves just time enough to see Newnham, and to have a walk and to go to the afternoon service at King's College Chapel, and to stray afterward in the dusk into Trinity Hall to see the portraits, and then to our inn to sleep as best we might, after a great day, and go on to London in the morning.* We spent eight solid hours in the House of Commons, on Tuesday night, to hear the great debate,* and were flying about a good deal all that week, and at the end we went up into Warwickshire to stay with Mrs. Dugdale,* a most charming visit in story-book country house, which we both enjoyed enormously; and then by Oxford* back to London again, and this last week we have been seeing much of the Arnolds, who have come back to town, because — 's father-in-law, of the house of Kimberly, is in the new government,* and there was a revival of "society" for a brief space, by which we profited. It is a very good time to take for being in London, on the whole, but we have been spending nights and making days' journeys to the neighborhood, and begin to feel that we are not likely to see half enough of London itself. But what can I tell you (with a common *Flying Scotchman* pen)* of going to see my Lord and Lady Tennyson, down among the Surrey hills!* It meant a great deal more to me than when I saw them before. I wish I could make you know their wonderful faces. One goes into their presence with the feeling of a former age. I believe that I know exactly what I should have felt a thousand years ago if I were paying a friendly visit to my king; but it is the high court of poetry at Aldworth, whatever one may say. My Lord Tennyson was so funny and cross about newspapers and reporters that I feel his shadow above me even in this letter, innocent-hearted as I be. He has suffered deep wrongs indeed; perhaps it is well that I can't write long enough to tell you many delightful things that he said and did (saying some of his poetry once or twice in a wonderful way), except one which belongs to you, — his complete delight in my Japanese crystal,* which he looked at over and over, and wondered much about, and enjoyed, and thought to find things in it. Wasn't that nice of you, S. W.? and you a-giving it to me, and indeed so many people beside a poet have liked me for it, and remember me now as the person to whom it belonged. If I could have given it to

anybody in this world, I could have given it to Tennyson then and there; but No! and now I like it more because he liked it, a-shining in its silver leaves.

Yesterday we spent the day with Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has been ill for a while and is just getting better. Somehow, she seemed so much younger and more girlish than I expected, even with Ethel, her next sister, clear and dear in my mind. Ethel was not there, but Mrs. Huxley, and her father and his wife, and Mr. Ward himself, for which I was very glad. I long to have you know Mrs. Ward. You would quite take her to your heart. She is very clear and shining in her young mind, brilliant and full of charm, and with a lovely simplicity and sincerity of manner. I think of her with warmest affection and a sacred expectation of what she is sure to do if she keeps strong, and sorrow does not break her eager young heart too soon. Her life burns with a very fierce flame, and she has not in the least done all that she can do, but just now it seems to me that her vigor is a good deal spent. She has most lovely children. The young son was busy with a cricket-match, and we beheld a good part of it, and saw the charming old garden, and altogether it was a very pleasant day indeed, and held pleasure enough for two or three. Now that I have begun to tell things, I wish to write you a complete autobiography of two weeks, but all the other people and things must wait until I see you; except perhaps that I must tell you how wonderfully well Mary Beaumont looks and seems. This week we are going to Cobham, to stay a few days with dear Mrs. Arnold, who would touch you with her changed looks. She has grown so much older since that merry day when we went to the first feast at Old Place. She asks so affectionately for you, and is just as dear as ever. When you get this letter, I think we shall be staying up at Whitby, on our way to Edinburgh, seeing the Du Mauriers again, according to agreement, and other friends, and liking to go there because Mr. Lowell was always talking about it and was so fond of it. Then we go on to Edinburgh. See what a little place I have left to send A. F.'s love in, but here it goes. Good-bye, dear.

And then "Lady Rose's Daughter"!* If you were here how much we should talk about it. *There* are splendid qualities of the highest sort. One says at certain moments with happy certainty that here is the one solitary master of fiction — I mean of *novel* writing. How is she going on at this great pace to the story's end? But one *cannot* let such a story flag and fail — there *must* be an end as good as this beginning.

Note

Lady Rose's Daughter: By Mrs. Humphry Ward, this novel was published in 1903. According to Jane Silvey, "'The Sympathy of Another Writer': The Correspondence between Sarah Orne Jewett and Mrs. Humphry Ward," in *Transatlantic Women*, edited by Brigitte Bailey and Lucinda Damon-Bach (pp. 295-6), Ward's novel began serialization in *Harper's Magazine* in May 1902. Therefore, this paragraph could not have been written in 1892. Almost certainly it belongs in the summer of 1902.

Mary Augusta Ward to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead in red ink*]
Stocks,
Tring
[*End letterhead*]
[*21 August 1892*]*

Dear Mifs Jewett

I was so stupid the day you were with us — I was really in a good deal of pain — that I did not get clearly into my mind that you were the Mifs Jewett who wrote The King of Folly Island* a story which delighted me, & like Mifs Lawless's*

[*Page 2*]

Grania* made me live with new friends beside new seas. There were many other things I liked much in your book — but that story [*mark like a period*] dwells with me particularly, & I thought I should like to write you these few lines to atone for my puzzle-headedness on Saturday —

Have you written anything since that volume? If so will you send it me?

[*Page 3*]

You have that keen unspoilt eye for details, which seems to me often the distinctive American gift. — & so much charm. I hope you have been writing more —

They have carried me down to the garden today which is very cheering.

In a fortnight's time I hope to be moving again.

With very kind regards to M^rs^ Fields & yourself,

believe me
yours sincerely
Mary A. Ward.

Notes

1892: At the upper left of page 1 is a penciled date, Aug 27 — 1892, which appears to be in Ward's hand. However, this date comes after Jewett's response to this letter, which was dated 23 August 1892. Perhaps the penciled date actually is 21 August; this is what I have assumed.

Folly Island: Jewett's "The King of Folly Island" first appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in December 1886. It was collected, where Ward seems to have read it, in *The King of Folly Island and Other People* (1888). Jewett, of course, published a good deal between 1888 and the date of this letter. Her books were *Strangers and Wayfarers* (1890), *Betty Leicester* (1890), *Tales of New England* (1890).

Grania: Irish author Emily Lawless published her novel *Grania: The Story of an Island* in 1892. Wikipedia.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence I, Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett. Ward, Mary Augusta (Arnold), bMS Am 1743.1, Box 2, 106.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Augusta Ward

22 Clarges Street W.
23 August 1892

My dear Mrs Ward

I can hardly tell you what pleasure your most kind letter has given me; I have been thinking of you very often since Saturday. Indeed I shall send you all the story books that can be found and try to remember what you have said to me whenever

[*Page 2*]

I feel unhappy as a story writer often must!

And I so eagerly try to tell you what a delight and what a new treasure of helpfulness and inspiration your great books always are to me as they are to so many. I thank you and thank you ~~for them~~ with all my heart and I shall go back to read them over again with new joy because I have

[*Page 3*]

seen you — - Mrs Fields sends you her love with mine and begs you to remember us to Mr Ward and to your dear children. Mr Ward was so very good to us. We had a delightful time with him in our outdoor walks and talks! Indeed we like to remember our day. And we still hope for a sight of Ethel.* Please do not forget that I shall be always

[yours *?*] sincerely and affectionately
Sarah O. Jewett

[*Page 4*]

Will you not remember us most kindly to Mr and Mrs Arnold and to Mr and Mrs Huxley?* — It is so good to know that you could go down to the garden.*

Notes

Ethel: For Mary Augusta Ward, her sister Ethel Arnold, and family see Key to Correspondents.

Arnold ... Huxley: The Arnolds are the widow and family of British poet and critic, Matthew Arnold (24 December 1822 - 15 April 1888).

garden: In Jewett's letter to Sarah Wyman Whitman of 20 August, she reports that Mrs. Ward has been ill and is beginning to recover.

This manuscript is held by the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, University of Texas at Austin. Manuscript Collection MS-4409 (Ward, T.H.) Misc. Container 2.4, Jewett, Sarah Orne to Ward, Mary Augusta.

Annie Adams Fields to John Greenleaf Whittier

August 30th

[*1892*]*

[*Begin letterhead*]
22. Clarges Street,
May Fair, W.
[*End letterhead*]

Dearly belovèd friend:

I was rejoiced to have your letter from Hampton Falls and to know that the heat had not overpowered you! It is quite a matter of hearsay in England. The dropping skies, the temp like June, the damp winds, and indeed the falling leaves, make August seem more like late September. There is nothing to compare with the beauty of our autumnal season, but we must grant the loveli=

[*Page 2*]

[=liness *so written*] of Spring to England. Did I write you that we were in London when Parliament reassembled and places were given

us to listen to Mr. Gladstone's* speech? Eight hours and a half we kept our seats, because the whole scene was much too interesting to allow us to leave —

Mr. Gladstone spoke nearly two hours. He was succeeded by Mr. Balfour who was [always *?*] very keen and drew blood with the rapier of his speech. Mr. Gladstone could not sit still under it and

[*Page 3*]

after interrupting him once or twice left the house altogether. It was wonderful to see how ^Mr Gladstone's^ strength held out unflagging during his exciting address and the spirit of it was much more beautiful than that of Mr. Balfour, but I fear he did not carry conviction with him for all that. I was sorry not to hear Mr. Chamberlain who followed two nights later but so many people were seeking for places that to be invited once was a very great favor and something more than our share.

[*Page 4*]

We have been lately to the house of Lord Tennyson* in Surrey, a beautiful spot cut out of the old forest and overlooking a marvellous breadth of landscape to the sea. We found him suffering from a cold, but otherwise like himself and ready to talk on everything from Saxon poetry to his grandchildren — I will tell you more of this visit when we meet which will be soon I trust. We [sail *corrected*] from Liverpool the 22^{d} of September — Sarah* sends you her love with mine.

Farewell, we shall follow this letter very soon.

Lovingly yours Annie Fields

Notes

1892: This letter was composed during the 1892 European trip of Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett.

In another hand, in a 3/4 box placed upper right on page 4: Annie Fields.

Gladstone's ... Balfour: Liberal British statesman, William Ewart Gladstone (1809-1898) served as Prime Minister 1892-1894.

In August of 1892, a vote of "no confidence" forced a change of government in Great Britain. At the time of Fields's visit, it is likely that William Gladstone was forming a new government.

Arthur James Balfour (1848-1930) was a Conservative Minister of Parliament and party leader. He gained fame as an orator and eventually served as Prime Minister.

Chamberlain: Joseph Chamberlain (1836-1914) was a Liberal Party politician.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Pickard-Whittier papers: MS Am 1844. Box 2, Item 122. Fields, Annie (Adams) 1834-1915. 61 letters; 1873-1892.

Celia Thaxter to Mary Rice Jewett

Shoals. 7th Spt. (92

Dear Mary:

I am sending you a water hyacinth & a Parrot's feather:* both water plants. They are fine in tubs in the garden, but they are also fine in the house all winter. My little daughter Mabel, Roland's wife,* has her water hyacinth in an olive bowl like Sarah's,* but any deep dish will do. And for the parrot's feather, a bowl or jar (to hang in the window) over which it will droop beautifully & grow like mad. Fill, for both plants, the bowl [centering *?*] them two thirds full with rich earth mixed into well-rotted barn-manure, ^[but I *?*]^ plant the roots down in this, & fill the other third full of water & keep it always full of water & they will do beautifully. Parrot's feather does not flower, but is pretty enough without. Water hyacinth has a lovely spike of fragrant lavender flowers.

Dearest love to Sarah & to you, kindest [*five unrecognized words* ... to all, not forgetting *?*] "Theodore". [Wish I cd. take him where a humming bird moth* I fd *?*] this summer, very rare, only found in West Indies, but he came to my garden!

Aff^{ly} yrs

C. Thaxter.

Notes

water hyacinth & a Parrot's feather: Water hyacinth is *Pontederia crassipes*. Parrot's feather may be *Myriophyllum aquaticum*. However, Thaxter says her plant does not flower, whereas Wikipedia describes *Myriophyllum aquaticum* as a flowering plant.

wife: Roland was Thaxter's youngest son.

humming bird moth: Presumably, Thaxter refers to a variety of sphinx moth, some of which may

be mistaken for hummingbirds because of their size and appearance in flight.

This letter is written on a sheet designed for folding into an unstamped mailing envelope. The manuscript is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. MS Am 1743, Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Correspondence Series: IV. Letters to Mary Rice Jewett from various correspondents, (377) Thaxter, Celia (Laighton) 1835-1894. 3 letters; 1891-1893.

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7 September 1892
Death of John Greenleaf Whittier

Though Jewett and Fields were in Europe at the time of his death and 10 September funeral, Jewett arranged for an ivy wreath to be included among the flowers. Though the 11 September New York *Tribune* account of the funeral (p. 7) does not mention Annie Fields, it is probable that she either shared in Jewett's gift or provided another of her own.

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc Annie Adams Fields

[*7 September 1892*]*

Dear Mrs. Fields, dear friend. I have finally reached the refuge you wished for me. I write from this beautiful and peaceful home where I always find the room that bears my name, full of memories of my youth, of the memory of my beloved mother, who came here often to visit the mother of Alice de Sinéty* — I will be able to rest a little

[*Page 2*]

from the protracted mental and emotional stress of awaiting my son's return, for which he cannot fix the date, because, on one hand, he would like to visit some friends in various parts of southern Russia after the Congress is over — and on the other, he is tempted to return via Finland and Sweden on a boat lent by two French scholars he knows, Mr. M. Milne Edwards and Schlumberger.* His last letter left me in complete uncertainty

[*Page 3*]

about his plans. I don't even know his current address.

I was held up in Paris, correcting proof for the short novel being published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes** and finishing an article, so I ran out of time to read the book by Mrs. Humphry Ward* you so kindly sent me, and for which I should have thanked you immediately. I brought it to Passay, and I will plunge into it; I have already read and re-read

[*Page 4*]

your admirable translation of the Centaur;* only you could claim the right to take on this artwork of classical purity, where form is everything, or almost everything. Your feeling for classical beauty led to your success in such a difficult task. I regret only the too Parisian drawings by Delort. His little centaur could wear a fake collar, and the female a hat from Rue de la Pain. There should have been a simple line drawing, like those of [*unrecognized name*], something to give the impression of sculpture, of fragments of any marble of

[*Cross-written down the left side of page 4*]

the best epoch. But people will not look at the drawings, just read the text. I send you a thousand compliments with all my heart, joyful

[*Cross-written up from the left side of page 1*]

about the pedestal which you raise to the name of Guérin in America.

I { believe* } the too devoted Trébutien { earned } the curse of the friends of belles letters by ruthlessly sacrificing many pages {to the flames}. Maurice will appear greater as a result, but much less manly as well, it is true. His dangerous friend burned the work of his years of fever and even madness in Paris. This {lost} contrast, however, would have been beautiful, between {the Paris years} and the calm scriptures and sweet ecstasies at La Chesnaie.

Again all my admiration and the best regards to share with our friend* as well.

ThB

[*Cross-written up from the left side of Page 2*]

Madame de Sinéty entrusts me to convey her fondest memories.

Notes

1892: Blanc is not transparent about the date of this letter. That it was composed in the latter half of 1892 is supported by her reference to Field's August publication of "Guérin's Centaur." Fields and Jewett were in Europe, including a first face-to-face meeting with Blanc, during the summer

of 1892. While it seems unlikely that Blanc sent this letter before their return, almost certainly it was composed in September, after Blanc would have completed reading proof for her short novel in *Revue des Deux Mondes*. See notes below.

Alice de Sinéty: Alice Marie Léonie Ogier d´Ivry Comtesse de Sinéty (1837-1924), wife of Count Joseph Louis Marie de Sinéty (1837-1915). Her mother was Léonie Aymardine Caroline Adrienne Ogier d'Ivry (born de Nicolay, 1818-1870).

son's: Traveler and author, Édouard Blanc (1858-1923) was Blanc's only son. See her entry in Key to Correspondents. Probably, M. Blanc attended the Fourth International Railway Congress in St. Petersburg, Russia, at the end of August 1892. See *The Railway Times* (27 August 1892), p. 281.

Mr. M. Milne Edwards and Schlumberger: Blanc's reference to Milne Edwards is somewhat confusing. Almost certainly, she refers to French biologist, Alphonse Milne-Edwards (1835-1900). His father, Henri Milne-Edwards (1800-1885), a British-born zoologist, published under the name M. H. Milne Edwards.

Probably Schlumberger was French paleontologist Charles Schlumberger (1825-1905).

Revue des Deux Mondes: Blanc's short novel, *Le Parrain d'Annette* (*Annette's Godfather*, 1893), was serialized in *Revue des Deux Mondes* in the first two September numbers of 1892. Her next article in the *Revue* was "Un Voyage de Découvertes à Travers la Société Américaine" (1 October).

Mrs. Humphry Ward: Mary Augusta Ward. Key to Correspondents. Her new book in 1892 was *The History of David Grieve* in three volumes. Fields and Jewett had visited Mrs. Ward at her home in August 1892, and it seems likely that Fields sent Blanc this book while in England.

Centaur: A prose-poem by the French poet, Maurice de Guérin (1810-1839). Annie Fields's essay and translation, entitled "Guérin's Centaur," appeared in *Scribner's* (August 1892, pp. 224-32). With the piece were two drawings of centaurs by French academic painter, Charles Édouard Delort (1841-1895).

Especially memorable in the poet's life and writing was an idyllic stay at La Chésnaie, in Brittany (1831-3), home of the French Catholic priest, philosopher and educator, Félicité Robert de La Mennais (1782-1854). He died in Paris of tuberculosis just 6 years later, without having published.

After his death, his sister, also a celebrated author, Eugénie de Guérin (1805-1848), attempted to publish his work, but died before she could complete the task. The poet's friend, Guillaume-Stanislas Trébutien, published a selection in 1861.

believe: Not only was this cross-written passage difficult to transcribe confidently, but the syntax mystified us. In the translation, we have made inferences and added words that seem to clarify what Blanc probably meant. We have marked our main additions by placing them in braces.

Another issue is Blanc's use of the word "vertueux." Translated literally, the word conveys the idea of moral virtue, but the context suggests that Blanc probably intended its more Latinate meaning of "idealized manliness."

our friend: Sarah Orne Jewett.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda mss FI 1-5637, Box 5.

Transcription

Château de Passay
par Savigné-l'Évêque
Sarthe

[7 7^{bre} *?*]

Chère M^{rs} Fields, chère
amie{.} J'ai enfin gagné
le refuge que vous
me souhaitez. Je vous
écris de cette belle
demeure paisible où
je retrouve toujours la
chambre qui porte mon
nom, toute pleine de
souvenirs de ma [jeunefse *for* jeunesse]
du souvenir de ma bien aimée mère
qui venait souvent
voir ici la mère d'Alice
de Sinéty — Je vais pouvoir
me reposer un peu

[*Page 2*]

d'une trop longue tension
d'esprit et de nerfs,
en attendant le retour
de mon fils dont il
ne peut encore fixer
la date, car d'une part

il voudrait, le Congrès étant
terminé voir quelques
amis dispersés dans le
sud de la Russie — et de
l'autre il est tenté de
revenir par la Finlande
et la Suède sur le
bateau qu'ont prêté deux
savants français de sa
connaissance, M. M. Milne,
Edwards et Schlumberger.
La dernière lettre me
laisait dans une
complète incertitude

[*Page 3*]

sur ses faits et gestes.
Je ne sais même plus
son adresse.
J'ai été retenue à Paris
par la correction de éprouves
du petit roman qui est
au cours de publication
dans la Revue des deux Mondes
et par un article à
terminer, de sorte que
le temps m'a manqué
pour lire le livre de
M^rs^ Humphry Ward que
vous avez en la bonté
de m'envoyer et dont
il eut fallu vous
remercier tout de suite.
Je l'ai apporté à Passay
et vais m'y plonger;
ce qui j'ai déjà lu et relu

[*Page 4*]

c'est votre admirable
traduction du Centaure;
vous seule aviez les droit de
vous attaquer à cette oeuvre
d'art d'une pureté classique
où la forme est tout
ou presque tout. Le
sentiment que vous avez
de la beauté antique
vous a fait réussir
dans une entreprise plus
que difficile. Je regrette
seulement les dessins
trop parisiens de Delort.
Son petit Centaure pourrait
porter un faux col et
la centauresse un chapeau
de la rue de la Pain. Il
eut fallu un simple
dessin au trait comme
ceux de [*unrecognized name, looks like Harman*], [*deletion*] [q. q. *for* quelque] chose
qui donnât l'impression
de la sculpture, des fragments
quelconques d'un marbre de

[*Cross-written down the left side of Page 4*]

la meilleure époque. Mais on ne regardera pas
les dessins et on lira le texte. Je vous envoie
mille compliments
de tout coeur heureuse

[*Cross-written up from the left side of Page 1*]

du piédestal que vous élevez au nom de
Guérin en Amérique. Je le trop [dévot *?*]
Trébutien
que maudissent les amis de la belle
littérature, n'eut pas par [scrupule *?*] sacrifié
beaucoup de ces pages, Maurice apparaitrez
plus grand, — beaucoup moins vertueux
aussi, il est vrai. Ce dangereux ami
a brûlé ce qui était le résultat des
années de fièvre et même de folie
[pasfées *for* passées **]** à Paris. Le contraste eut été
beau pourtant avec les [scrivres *?*] calmes
et douces extases à La Chesnaie.
Encore toute mon admiration et les
meilleures amitiés à partager avez notre amie.
ThB

[*Cross-written up from the left side of Page 2*]

Mme. de Sinéty me charge de ses plus
sympathiques souvenirs.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

Edinburgh, 11 Septr
[*1892*]

And now they have but ten days left ~~and those~~ in Edinburgh and the Lakes and two or three with Katie Bradbury* at Riversvale Hall before they come sailing home on the Cephalonia!* So this is a letter which has many things to say. They went to Canterbury after they made the Surrey visits,* and there they found the Emersons of Milton* and played and walked, and saw which were the Early English

[*Page 2*]

windows and which were Norman* with ever increasing pleasure.* Then they came back to London and found the Merrimans* and did meet

them again and pass a lovely Sunday at York together. Then these came to Whitby and those went to London & Southhampton to sail. ---------- I wish I could possibly tell you anything of the charm of Whitby* — no wonder dear Mr. Lowell* grew so fond of it and of the people who spend their autumns there.

[*Page 3*]

We saw a good deal of the Smalleys and Du Mauriers until we felt like oldest friends.* You may expect me to be always telling you how delightful Mr. Du Maurier is! You can't think him at all until you see him and hear him sing his old French songs and have him show you his drawings with all the simplicity of a boy with a slate, and all the feeling of a great artist. He is sadly troubled with his poor failing eyes now — but there is always a lovely sunshine

[*Page 4*]

in his face — and you meet him out walking with a timid little fluffy terrier that gets frightened and stops [*deleted words*] all of a tremble and has to be hunted up just when his master is talking most eagerly, and turned back for — such a beloved and troublesome little dog.

Whitby is full of pictures — there were places that made me think of your Gloucester picture* — only a grayer sea and bright red tiled roofs climbing the steep hill —

[*Page 5*]

and a gray old abbey at the top of the hill — holding up its broken towers and traceries against the clouds.* It is a noble seacoast and a most quaint fishing town quite unchanged and unspoiled. I shall be telling a great deal about the charms of Whitby!

I forgot whether I wrote you just before or just after, our visit to Cobham. No, I am sure I have not told you about Mr. Arnold's favorite walks* and his most interesting study, [or *written over* and *?*] how delighted I was to find your own rhododendrons hanging

[*Page 6*]

on the wall!* It is a dear bit of yourself somehow — they are very fond of it —

Mrs Arnold ^ (she has grown so old poor dear little lady!)^ & Nelly Wodehouse asked for you [most *corrected*] affectionately and sent their best messages.

Now that I hope to be talking so soon I find it very hard to write. I suppose that I never have said that Madame Blanc* had to put off her visit to Boston until the spring.

We have been taking great joy in the Raeburn portraits* here. I have always liked them so much in engravings — Which reminds me that I never have taken you yet to see the Sir Joshua* down at Providence by which token you will know me for the same person (the travelled!) A.F. would

[*Up the left margin of page 6*]

send love if she were here and I send mine at any rate. Yours with dear love S.O.J.

Notes

1892: Annie Fields includes this letter with a group Jewett wrote during their 1898 European trip, but as the notes below indicate, it almost certainly comes from their 1892 trip, as George Du Maurier died in 1896.

Katie Bradbury ... Riversvale Hall: Kate Bradbury (1854-1902) lived at Riversvale Hall near Ashton-Under-Lyme in Great Britain. She married Francis Llewellyn Griffith (1862-1934) in 1896. Both were Egyptologists. See also *Riversvale Hall: The Story Of A Victorian Country House*.

Surrey visits: As indicated below, Jewett visited the Matthew Arnold family in Surrey.

Emersons of Milton: The family of Sylvia Hathaway Watson Emerson. Key to Correspondents.

Early English windows ... Norman: The Canterbury Cathedral, as rebuilt in the 1070s, was Norman in its architecture, for example, using the round arch. Where Jewett was able to see earlier English, Anglo-Saxon, windows is not clear, though there are examples in the east of England.

pleasure: between this line and the next are 4 "x's," presumably added by Annie Fields to mark a passage she thought of including in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Merrimans: Helen Bigelow Merriman. Key to Correspondents.

Whitby: Wikipedia says: "Whitby is a seaside town, port and civil parish in the Borough of Scarborough and English county of North Yorkshire. It is located within the historic boundaries of the North Riding of Yorkshire.

Situated on the east coast of Yorkshire at the mouth of the River Esk, Whitby has an established maritime, mineral and tourist heritage. Its East Cliff is home to the ruins of Whitby Abbey, where Cædmon, the earliest recognised English poet, lived." In 1898, Irish author Bram Stoker (1847-1912) used the abbey at Whitby as the location of the English lair of his vampire in *Dracula* (1897).

dear Mr. Lowell: The American poet James Russell Lowell (1819 -1891) served as Minister to England (1880-1885).

the Smalleys and Du Mauriers: Presumably, Jewett refers to George Washburn Smalley (1833-1916), a correspondent for the New York *Tribune* and his wife, Phoebe Garnaut (d. 1923). Smalley was the author of "Mr. Lowell in England," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*: 92: 551 (April,1896), pp. 788-802. In *Portrait of a Friendship: Drawn from New Letters of James Russell Lowell to Sybella Lady Lyttelton, 1881-1891* (1990), Michael Russell says that Phoebe Smalley acted as a "lady in waiting" to Mrs. Lowell (106) during the nine summers the Lowells spent in Whitby, beginning in 1881.

For George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier, see Key to Correspondents.

Gloucester picture: Whitman made several paintings with Gloucester, MA as her subject, such as "Gloucester Harbor," which can be seen in Melanie Richards, "Badass Lady Creatives in History: Sarah Wyman Whitman," *Design Work Life*.

It is possible that Jewett refers to Whitman's painting, "Edge of Evening at Annisquam" (c. 1880-1890); Annisquam is a waterfront neighborhood in Gloucester, MA. Images of the painting, held by a private collector, are available at several web pages, such as *Artnet*.

grey old abbey: Wikipedia says: "Whitby Abbey is a ruined Benedictine abbey overlooking the North Sea on the East Cliff above Whitby in North Yorkshire, England. It was disestablished during the Dissolution of the Monasteries under the auspices of Henry VIII." Perhaps its main claim to fame after 1897 was as an important setting in Bram Stoker's vampire tale, *Dracula*.

Cobham ... Mr. Arnold's favorite walks: Cobham is a village in Surrey, England, about 17 miles southwest of London. British poet and cultural critic, Matthew Arnold (24 December 1822 - 15 April 1888) visited America for the last time in 1886, staying with Annie Fields while in Boston. His wife was Frances and their daughters were Eleanore/Nelly and Lucy; Francis resided in Cobham after his death, having moved there in 1873. Their daughter, Eleanore was then married to Armine Wodehouse (1860-1901).

rhododendrons ... wall: A Whitman painting of rhododendrons is in the collection of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, labeled as a bequest of the artist. Though this probably is not the actual painting owned by the Matthew Arnold family, it gives an idea of how it may have looked.

Raeburn portraits: Sir Henry Raeburn (1756-1823) was a Scottish portrait painter who made his home in Edinburgh. He may be best remembered for his often reproduced portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Joshua: Almost certainly, Jewett refers to Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), an English painter known especially for his portraits. The Providence Rhode Island Athenaeum holds a painting attributed to Reynolds, "The Girl Reading."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

Annie Fields Transcription

Annie Fields included part of this letter in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

I wish I could possibly tell you anything of the charm of Whitby. No wonder dear Mr. Lowell grew so fond of it, and of the people who spend their autumns there. We saw a good deal of the Smalleys and Du Mauriers, until we felt like oldest friends. You may expect me to be always telling you how delightful Mr. Du Maurier is. You can't think of him at all until you see him and hear him sing his old French songs, and have him show you his drawings with all the simplicity of a boy with a slate, and all the feeling of a great artist. He is sadly troubled with his poor failing eyes now, but there is always a lovely sunshine in his face, and you meet him out walking with a timid little fluffy terrier that gets frightened and stops all of a tremble, and has to be hunted up just when his master is talking most eagerly, and turned back for, — such a beloved and troublesome little dog.

Whitby is full of pictures. There were places that made me think of your Gloucester picture, only a greyer sea and bright red-tiled roofs, climbing the steep hill, and a grey old abbey at the top of the hill, holding up its broken towers and traceries against the clouds. It is a noble seacoast and a most quaint fishing-town, quite unchanged and unspoiled. I shall be telling a great deal about the charms of Whitby.

I forgot whether I wrote you just before, or just after, our visit to Cobham. No, I am sure I have not told you about Mr. Arnold's favorite walks and his most interesting study, or how delighted I was to find your own rhododendrons hanging on the wall.

L. M. P.

Exeter Oct. 4.

Notes

1892: This date is supported by the chronology of Jewett's 1892 trip to Europe, from which she and Fields returned at the beginning of October. At this time, Francis Perry Dudley was the mother of her infant son, William Perry Dudley. "Pa" is Jewett's maternal uncle, Dr. William Gilman Perry. See Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the University of New England Maine Women Writers Collection MWWC0196_02_00_024_01.

Lucretia Morse Fisk Perry to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*4 October 1892*]*

My dearest Sarah

I bid you a most loving and cordial welcome to your own home; in which all my family join. We have had you in mind the last thing at night, and the first in the morning. Our first look at the morning paper was for the arrival of the steamer. I rejoice (too) with dear Mary, and with Carrie too, and have no doubt your home coming will be the very best kind of a tonic for Theodore. I shall (in spirit) sit at your table with you tonight, where I so lately sat in person (with great satisfaction).

[*Page 2*]

'Pa' is professionally hindered from giving you a welcome home tonight; and he honestly thinks his presence would be more acceptable a little later, when your mind and body were a little rested from the tumults of sentiment consequent upon regrets that a most delightful page of your life is closed; and the happiness of meeting again with those dearest to you — With that weighty sentence I may as well close. Frances will speak for herself, if she gets her hands free from babykin, who is "good" but he has the activity of his father, and needs constant following.

[*Page 3*]

We look forward with great satisfaction to the pleasure of embracing you again, and we want to hear about the charming places and persons you have seen. With love to all my dears.

Your affectionate aunt

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

Thursday 6th October
[*1892*]*

[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick, Maine
[*End letterhead*]

I wants to see you: this is a little poplar leaf that just blew down and when I saw you last it had not grown at all.

---- and I was oh so sorry not to come day before yesterday but it could not be = as I look back I think there were at least a thousand great and small affairs, and the hot weather very hindering — I was ill with a Cold at sea and* came ashore quite done, and so no more

[*Page 2*]

at present of reasons, but as many regrets as there are leaves on the nearest poplar. And I shall be coming along as soon as ever I can, and I hope you will hear me when I am knocking at the door.

Because there is every thing to say, and now that A.F. has seen you and I haven't, I am very very jealous which is a great

[*Page 3*]

sin . . . . It is a most beautiful day except that this bright windy weather is not best for you and me as I remember. I think it is a wind from Intervale out hunting for Helen.*

Good-by darling — there is a good deal in this letter though one might not think so.

S.O.J.

Notes

1892: As Jewett indicates, she has just returned from her 1892 trip to Europe with Annie Fields (A.F.). She debarked on Tuesday 4 October and sent this letter on Thursday 6 October 1892.

and: Jewett often writes "a" with a long tail for "and." I render these as "and."

Helen: Helen Bigelow Merriman's estate was Stonehurst in Intervale, NH. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 277.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Louisa Dresel

Friday Morning
[*7 October 1892*]*
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine.
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Loulie

I was so glad to get your letter from Jackson* and I wish that I could have sent you a word sooner to say so. It is very pleasant to be at home again and very busy and very sad too, I must confess, [but *corrected*] we all try hard not

[*Page 2*]

to let each other know that we think anything about <u>that</u>! I think it is possible that Mrs. Fields will go to Manchester for a few days to close the house &c. — and if she does I shall go over and so have a chance to say things. I am sure to hear from her

[*Page 3*]

about it within a few days. I think that she has come home very well if only she doesn't work too hard at first & get cold!

Dear Loulie I liked the four-leaved clover hugely — I have a great superstition about them of the most cheerful sort and I took this

[*Page 4*]

for great good luck.* With love to M^{<u>rs</u>} Dresel

Yours most affectionately
S. O. J

Notes

1892: This date is penciled in another the upper left corner of page 1, possibly by Richard Cary. An envelope associated with this letter is addressed to Dresel at Cove Hill, Beverly, MA, and cancelled on 7 October 1892. Cary notes that Jewett used black-bordered stationery for this letter, and he believes this signified the approaching anniversary of her mother's death. Caroline Perry Jewett died on 21 October 1891. However, it seems equally likely that she remained in mourning for the loss of her brother-in-law, Edmund Eastman in March 1892.

Jackson: Cary notes that Jackson, NH, was the retirement home of Jewett correspondent Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Key to Correspondents.

luck: See Jewett's poem, "A Four-leaved Clover," sometimes titled "Perseverance," which first appeared in *St. Nicholas* in September 1883.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Library Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1— Folder A14: to Louisa Loring Dresel., 1886-1898. Richard Cary's annotated transcription appeared in "Jewett to Dresel: 33 Letters," *Colby Library Quarterly* 7:1 (March 1975), 13-49.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Friday ~~night~~ noon
[*7 October 1892*]*

(Dearest Fuff

I was so glad to get your very dear note — but I was disappointed to find that you are still alone — Yet it is good to be by oneself just now — I find myself heaving little sighs when I see dearest of neighbors approaching! I think there is a great deal of beauty in your poem* darling Fuff though the last of it troubles my practical mind with a kind of confusion in its figures. I cant quite

[*Page 2*]

think it one of your best things yet, with all its beauty and suggestion. I think it is a thing to work over.)

How much we have felt in these last days and how we can see this pathetic figure and his great dim eyes.* I am so rich in the thought of that visit — and I can truly say that the one thing

which made me feel most anxious to have you get to England this summer was to make sure of your seeing him again — and now you have seen him and I too, and it was a most lovely visit. The great dignity

[*Page 3*]

and separateness of his life comes clearer than ever to mind. He seemed like a King in captivity, one of the Kings of old, of divine right and sacred seclusions — None of the great gifts I have ever had out of loving and being with you seems to me so great as having seen Tennyson, and then I stop and think of Mr. Lowell* and wonder if I ought to have been so sure though that was a little different — But if somebody said Come and see Shakespeare* with me

[*Page 4*]

I couldn't have felt any more or deeper than I did about Tennyson. (I shall write a note to Mrs. Hallam* — I wonder if you sent a telegram or if you will write.

I had a lovely ride this morning and wished for you — it is most sweet weather today — Dear Fuff I send you this small cheque for things I [owed *?*] you in Liverpool &c. I daresay it isn't enough but I have kept the best account I could, and I am

your grateful and loving
Pin.)

Notes

7 October 1892: Fields penciled October 1898 and then corrected it to 1892 in the upper right of page 1. The latter correctly identifies the month and year of Tennyson's death. See notes below.

(Fuff: Parenthesis marks in this letter have been penciled by Fields.

your poem: Jewett gives too little information to determine whether this is a poem that Fields eventually published. Jewett's reference to the complex figures at the end of the poem hint that Fields may have been working on "Death, Who Art Thou?" which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* a year later, in October 1893, and was collected in *The Singing Shepherd* (1895).

dim eyes: Fields has penciled "+ Tennyson" at the bottom of this page. Jewett refers to their seeing British poet, Alfred Lord Tennyson, the previous August, during their 1892 visit to England. Tennyson died on Thursday, 6 October 1892.

Lowell: James Russell Lowell. Key to Correspondents.

Shakespeare: British poet and dramatist, William Shakespeare (1564-1616).

Mrs. Hallam: Hallam Tennyson, 2nd Baron Tennyson (1852-1928), son of Alfred Tennyson, served as governor of South Australia (1899-1902) and Governor-General of Australia (1902-1904). His first wife was Audrey Boyle (d. 1916).

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. Annie Fields (Adams) 1834-1915, recipient. 194 letters; 1877-1909 & [n.d.] Sarah Orne Jewett correspondence, 1861-1930. MS Am 1743 (255).

Annie Fields transcription

This passage appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911), pp. 101-2.

Home, South Berwick, *October*, 1892.

How much we have felt in these last days and how we can see his pathetic figure# and his great dim eyes. I am so rich in the thought of that visit, and I can truly say that the one thing which made me feel most anxious to have you get to England this summer was to make sure of your seeing him again, and now you have seen him and I too, and it was a most lovely visit. The great dignity and separateness of his life comes clearer than ever to mind. He seemed like a king in captivity, one of the kings of old, of divine rights and sacred seclusions. None of the great gifts I have ever had out of loving and being with you seems to me so great as having seen Tennyson, and then I stop and think of Mr. Lowell and wonder if I ought to have been so sure, though that *was* a little different. But if somebody said come and see Shakespeare with me I couldn't have felt any more or deeper than I did about Tennyson.

Fields's note

Tennyson

Anna Fuller to Sarah Orne Jewett

Colorado Springs.
Oct. 16. 1892

My dear Miss Jewett.

Remembering the kind note which you wrote me two years ago when my first story "Aunt Betsy's Photographs"* was printed, I venture to send you the

[*Page 2*]

book which has grown out of that story. I should like, too, to tell you what an incentive I have found in your word of approval.

We were glad to hear how well you and Mrs. Fields*

[*Page 3*]

escaped quarantine, and we hope it was only the prosperous ending of an altogether prosperous trip. If Miss Frothingham* were at home this morning, she would wish to join me in

[*Page 4*]

cordial greetings to Mrs. Fields and yourself —

Yours very sincerely
Anna Fuller —

Notes

"Aunt Betsy's Photographs": Fuller's story was collected in *Pratt Portraits, Sketched in a New England Suburb* (1892).

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields.
Jewett and Annie Fields returned home from several months in Europe near the beginning of October 1892. Perhaps Fuller refers to the Asiatic cholera epidemic of 1892, which led to President Benjamin Harrison ordering that all ships entering the U.S. from foreign ports must undergo a 20 day quarantine. See *Harper's Weekly* (17 September 1892).

Miss Frothingham: Possibly American author Eugenia Brooks Frothingham (1874-1971). See Bartleby.com "Reader's Dictionary of Authors" and Wikisource, "Representative Women of New England."

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Miller Library, Special Collections, Colby College, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

Thursday —
[*October 27, 1892*]*

And I just holding your flowers in my hand and thinking about Beaux* — and wondering!

And feeling sorry — and at last hunting about in the little drawer of my old secretary and finding some poor verses that were written long ago about a dog, and forgotten these many months.

I am glad that you have gone to your South in this lovely

[*Page 2*]

weather and I follow you with a thought and wonder if you are coming back before Sunday and if I shall not be in town next week as you say. Perhaps! but it is easier to stay here just now. Town means that I should begin things over again, and here it is very idle and most of the dear village neighbours have made their kind visits and we can be alone in the long sunny afternoons. Yesterday, a dear little old woman, who

[*Page 3*]

rarely leaves her house, came in to see Mary and me. "I know <u>just</u> how you feel dear," she said: "I have been through the same sorrow" — and I could see that it was present yet in her heart and she almost ninety and missing her mother still.*

— It was a most tender and touching little old face — I wish you had been here to know the dignity and sweetness of her visit, dear quaint old lady, mindful of the proprieties; and one who had seen almost everybody go whom she had known in youth

[*Page 4*]

or middle-age even. I wish you knew some of the village people { — } not the new ones — but those to whom in their early days Berwick was the round world itself.

I wonder a great deal about dear people in Town though! and A.F. and Alice* in their life together just now. Dr. Folsom* has been to see Alice and I hope that she is going to stay on awhile in Charles St. This illness is very hard for her —

I never can tell you how dear a comfort A.F. was last week. I dont know what

[*Page 5*]

I should have done without her — Nobody knows how dear and full of help she is and the best sort of strength. It makes one all the more eager to do what one can for her in little things and ways when she feels alone.

I hope that all will ~~will~~ be just as you like it about the church, and that the days in Baltimore* will send you back with new cheer and courage and much warm happiness of [hope *corrected*]. "My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it."*

[*Page 6*]

as one reads in that lovely poem of Donne's about a Dreame .. and, by the way, how it lends lines to the story of Peter Ibbetson!* You must look at it some day if you dont remember it —

I somehow think that you will read this last number ^of Ibbetson^ as you go on in the train. It is full of touching things and I long to see someday the drawings themselves which must be perfectly exquisite. These little woodcuts are charming but somehow one often knows

[*Page 7*]

them changed in the cutting — and often made coarser —

Dear S.W. forgive me this wandering letter and read what you wish had been written between the lines of it. My love is here and my most affectionate care for you and eagerness to please and never wound or weary you my dear friend! Thank you for Helen's letter* { — } one can almost hear her <u>say</u> the things about Roger and the Schilling family!* — and thank you again and again for "the flowers." We shall

[*Page 8*]

be often remembering little Beaux — he knew many things. I liked to think he was there —

Good night dear

from S.O.J.

Notes

October 27, 1892: As the notes below indicate, Jewett almost certainly wrote this letter the year after her mother's death, near the anniversary. However, this is not certain, for in her transcription, Fields assigns the letter a specific date: "South Berwick, October 29, 1892." As the manuscript is dated Thursday by Jewett, this date cannot be correct, because 29 October fell on Saturday in 1892. Furthermore, it is at least possible that Jewett composed the letter in 1891, the week after her mother's death. I have chosen for now to place it in 1892, the Thursday after the anniversary, because its tone differs considerably from other letters she wrote in the weeks after 21 October 1891. Both Jewett and Fields, on other occasions, reported feeling grief on the anniversaries of the deaths of loved ones.

Beaux: Jewett seems to have spelled the name of Whitman's dog in this way, though Whitman spelled it "Beau." Whitman mentions him in a letter to Minna and Gemma Timmins of 13 May 1886. Jewett is not known to have published a poem about a dog.

missing her mother still: 21 October is the anniversary of the death of Jewett's mother, Caroline Perry Jewett, in 1891.

A.F. and Alice: Annie Adams Fields and probably, Alice Greenwood Howe. Key to Correspondents.

church ... Baltimore: During her childhood, Whitman lived in Baltimore MD with her grandparents. She executed the stained glass windows of the All Saints Episcopal Church in Baltimore, which were begun in 1891.

continued'st it: From "The Dream" by the British poet, John Donne (1572-1631), the first stanza:

Dear love, for nothing less than thee
Would I have broke this happy dream;
    It was a theme
For reason, much too strong for fantasy,
Therefore thou wak'd'st me wisely; yet
My dream thou brok'st not, but continued'st it.
Thou art so true that thoughts of thee suffice
To make dreams truths, and fables histories;
Enter these arms, for since thou thought'st it best,
Not to dream all my dream, let's act the rest.

story of Peter Ibbetson: George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier. Key to Correspondents.
His first novel, *Peter Ibbetson* (1891), was adapted for stage, film and opera. Paisley Mann says that the novel appeared in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* from June to November of 1891. "Du Maurier illustrated his own novel, contributing eighty-four drawings (fourteen per serial part)" ("Memory as "Shifting Sand," *Victorian Review* 31:2, p. 160).

Helen: Helen Bigelow Merriman. Key to Correspondents.

Roger ... Schilling family: Roger Merriman was Helen Merriman's son. Key to Correspondents. The Schilling family has not be identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge. MA: Whitman, Sarah (Wyman) 1842-1904, recipient. 25 letters; 1892-[1900] & [n.d.]. Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (126).

Annie Fields Transcription

Annie Fields included part of this letter in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911). In that volume, Fields implies that this letter was addressed to Fields rather than to Whitman. Her transcription follows.

Town means that I should begin things over again, and here it is very idle, and most of the dear village neighbours have made their kind visits, and we can be alone in the long sunny afternoons. Yesterday, a dear little old woman, who rarely leaves her house, came in to see Mary and me. "I know *just* how you feel, dear," she said, "I have been through the same sorrow"; and I could see that it was present yet in her heart, and she almost ninety, and missing her mother still.*

It was a most tender and touching little old face, — I wish you had been here to know the dignity and sweetness of her visit, dear quaint old lady, mindful of the proprieties, and one who had seen almost everybody go whom she had known in youth, or middle-age, even. I wish you knew some of the village people, — not the new ones, but those to whom in their early days Berwick was the round world itself.

Sarah Wyman Whitman to Sarah Orne Jewett
Fragment

November, 1892.

Oh, having a Show isn't half so leisurely a proceeding as I had supposed,* and I have never been so busy in my life, I guess, as for the last three days. But the world, critics and otherwise, takes the Show more seriously than ever it did before; and that gives me a grave pleasure. Indeed I have felt a great many things, owing to folks and their remarks.

Notes

having a Show: According to Betty S. Smith, Whitman had two shows in 1892, at the Doll and Richards gallery in Boston and at the Avery Gallery in New York. Presumably, she here refers to the later one in New York. Her works on exhibit included oil paintings, pastels, sketches, and watercolors. See Smith, "Sarah de St. Prix Wyman Whitman," *Old Time New England* (Spring/Summer 1999), pp. 47-64.

This transcription appears in *Letters*, Sarah Wyman Whitman. Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1907, "Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett: 1882-1903," pp. 61-109.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

9 November 1892
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine.
[*End letterhead*]

My dear Lilian

When I went to Town for Sunday I thought that I surely should find you in Mount Vernon St. and I was so much disappointed when I heard from A.F.* that you were still out of town and especially that you are not quite well yet. I have been expecting to go to Boston and to see you there so that I have

[*Page 2*]

never written a word! I was so grieved to hear of your illness, and I wish very much to see you. If I possibly could have stayed I should have gone to Ponkapog to spend an hour at least. — dear Ponkapog! how I should like to have a drive with you there again!

I have been busy as everybody is when she first gets home after seven months & more away, answering foolish

[*Page 3*]

~~peoples~~ ^stranger's^ letters & so never having a minute in which to write to wise friends, and trying to get a little writing done and trying to see all my neighbours and to remember which bureau drawer everything is in! — — — - It was so sweet to get home again and into the old places — I never shall forget the beauty of that first evening at Charles Street as we sat looking out over the river and being so glad to be off the

steamer, and next day when I came here to the dear old house

[*Page 4*]

and home it all seemed to put its arms round me — I am always looking forward to having you and T.B.A. here. I wish it were not so late in the autumn.

Good-by dear Lilian — My sister Mary* sends her love with mine. We read For Bravery on the Field of Battle* with such delight and pride, and we found ourselves pretty close to crying over it I needn't say! I knew that I should when I heard its name in Paris & knew what it was to be about —

With best love to both —
Your affectionate S. O. J.

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

Please give my love to your mother and to Mr. Pierce.*

Notes

A.F.: Annie Adams Fields. Key to Correspondents.

T.B.A.: Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett.

For Bravery on the Field of Battle: T. B. Aldrich's poem appeared in the October 1892 *Century Magazine*.

Mr. Pierce: Henry Lille Pierce. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Annie Fields Transcription

Annie Fields included most of this letter in *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911). Her transcription follows.

My dear Lilian, — When I went to Town for Sunday, I thought that I surely should find you in Mount Vernon Street, and I was so much disappointed when I heard from A. F. that you were still out of town, and especially that you are not quite well yet. I have been expecting to go to Boston and to see you there, so that I have never written you a word! I was so grieved to hear of your illness, and I wish very much to see you. If I possibly could have stayed I should have gone to Ponkapog to spend an hour at least, — dear Ponkapog! how I should like to have a drive with you again!

I have been busy, as everybody is when she first gets home after seven months and more away, — answering foolish strangers' letters, and so never having a minute in which to write to wise friends, and trying to get a little writing done, and trying to see all my neighbours, and to remember which bureau drawer anything is in! It was so sweet to get home again and into the old places — I never shall forget the beauty of that first evening on Charles Street as we sat looking out over the river, and being so glad to be off the steamer; and next day, when I came here to the dear old house and home, it all seemed to put its arms round me. I am always looking forward to having you and T. B. A. here. I wish it were not so late in the autumn.

Sarah Orne Jewett to David Douglas, Edinburgh

10*th November*, 1892, South Berwick, Maine.

My dear Mr. Douglas, — I only wish I were near enough to make one of your household now and then. I console myself by thinking that we do not live either in a letterless world or one where the remembrance of the past pleasures of friendship need ever be anything but present joy. As I sat at your table it was something like being at home in the old days when I still had my dear father and mother with all their wit and wisdom and sweetness. Now my elder sister and I are often alone.

It is funny how everything here seems to concern itself with the World's Fair at Chicago! for one of our magazines — Scribner's — means to be first in the field with a Great Representative Number! and I am hurrying to finish a story for it — a May number, but the editors are already anxious about being behind hand.*

Mrs. Fields has seen Dr. Holmes and found him pretty well, and full of delightful fun; bearing his years cheerfully, and drawing his old friends closer, as he lets the rest of the world slip away little by little. Whittier's and Tennyson's death touched him closely, and it happens that some other old friends of his went this autumn too. Mr. Curtis, and Mr. Samuel Longfellow, the brother,

a biographer of the poet, and Dr. Parsons, an erratic man of real genius, the translator of Dante and a poet of no mean skill, who was one of Dr. Holmes's and Mr. Fields's friends — all this has been sad for the dear old doctor, but as I have said, he keeps very cheerful.*

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Douglas! My best thanks for Dean Ramsay's and Felicia Skene's* book and more for the thought.

Yours most affectionately.

Notes

the World's Fair at Chicago ... Scribner's: The World's Columbian Exposition opened in Chicago in May 1893, a little late, to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Columbus's arrival in the New World in 1492. The May 1893 "Exhibition Number" of *Scribner's Magazine* was indeed special, designed as the "Conductors' Point of View" column said, as a "representative number of an American magazine . . . [showing] to what these popular mediums of literary and artistic enjoyment and information have grown." Contributors to this number include George Washington (by means of a document), William Dean Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Bret Harte, Walter Besant, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, Robert Blum, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Jewett's story, "Between Mass and Vespers," Francisque Sarcey, and George Washington Cable. Among the popular illustrators to appear were Robert Blum, A. B. Frost, and Howard Pyle.

Dr. Holmes: Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894). Key to Correspondents. The 1892 deaths Jewett mentions include:

George William Curtis, 31 August;
Thomas William Parsons (1819- 3 September 1892).
John Greenleaf Whittier, 7 September;
Samuel Longfellow, 3 October;
Alfred Lord Tennyson, 6 October.

All were correspondents of Jewett or Fields, except Parsons, a poet and translator of Dante. For more on Parsons, see Wikipedia and Melissa J. Homestead, "Buried in Plain Sight: Unearthing Willa Cather's Allusion to Thomas William Parsons's 'The Sculptor's Funeral,'" *Studies in American Fiction* 43:2 (Fall 2016), pp. 207-299.

Skene's: I have not been able to locate a single book upon which Felicia Skene (1821-1899) and John William Ramsay, Earl of Dalhousie (1847-1887) collaborated, if this is the Dean Ramsay referred to. However each wrote a separate book on the same topic, the controversy over the legality of marrying the sister of one's deceased wife. Skene's polemical novel on the law against marrying a deceased wife's sister, *The Inheritance of Evil: Or, the Consequence of Marrying a Deceased Wife's Sister*, appeared in 1849. Ramsay's compilation on the controversy, *American Experience of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister: the Answers of the Governors of States, &C. To Inquiries Made by the Earl of Dalhousie,* appeared in 1883.

Perhaps Douglas sent her more than one book, a title each by Ramsay and Skene?

This letter appears in Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* (1911).

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lilian Woodman Aldrich

[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick, Maine
[*End letterhead*]
17 November 1892*

Dear Lilian

I must send you and T.B.A.* a little note this morning to thank you both for the great pleasure you gave us all in your visit{.} Mary* wishes me to send her love and to say so for her too. It made us so sorry to have you go off in such a storm and I do hope

[*Page 2*]

that T.B. didn't add to his cold and that you didn't get a fresh one. What a storm it was! but the sun was out soon after you left and Mrs. Richards* and I had a good drive out in the country & through the woods in the afternoon. But it was like sunshine in the house to have you

[*Page 3*]

both under the roof in that wet & windy weather.

I am so glad that the birthday is fair!

Your affectionately
S. O. J.

Notes

1892: There are two confusions about this date. Though Jewett may have written 1897, I have chosen to place the letter in 1892. Jewett seems to suggest that she writes on one of the Aldriches birthdays. T. B. Aldrich was born 11

November. Lilian's birthday is 8 May and their twin sons, Talbot and Charles, were born on 17 September. Perhaps she refers to the birthday of someone outside the family? Or perhaps she is temporarily confused about the date of T. B. Aldrich's birth.

T.B.A.: Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Mary: Mary Rice Jewett.

Mrs. Richards: Probably Laura Elizabeth Howe Richards. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Thomas Bailey Aldrich Papers, 119 letters of Thomas Bailey and Lilian Woodman Aldrich, 1837-1926. MS Am 1429 (117).

Ellen Tucker Emerson to Annie Adams Fields

Concord
19 Nov. 1892

Dear Mrs Fields,

I thank you for thinking of Mother* and of us. Many pleasant times you have given to her and to my Father and us children. It was kind of you to send the wreath and we thank you. It went with her to the grave and now lies on it.

Yours truly
Ellen T. Emerson.

Notes

Mother: Emerson's mother, reformer, Lidian Jackson Emerson (1802-1892), died on 13 November.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda, Box 16: mss FI 5637.

Abby Gilman Fiske to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Sunday before Thanksgiving, possibly 1892*]*

Dear Sarah: —

Your friend's cure was a wonderful one, but, not as wonderful as that of my friend whose portrait I send you — Please read the plain facts of the case and you will be convinced I feel sure —

This has been a quiet pleasant day, with walks to the barn & Mr. Tucker* — reading writing and lounging.

[*Page 2*]

Mary* will tell you how energetic she was in walking over to Salmon Falls to sit under the Bishop's preaching. And [*2 or 3 unrecognized words*] she got a dose too — for our reverend brother is noted for being long winded.

Caddy & Thidder have just stepped in to give an account of a "Thanksgiving Concert" they both attended this eve. at the Vestry — Caddy seemed quite impressed by the goodness of it, but Thidder in-

[*Page 3*]

dulged in much levity — directed at the long suffering Dordie Lewis* & "Phippy" —

I miss you dreadfully — but am so glad you are meeting such pleasant people & enjoying so much. Isn't it delightful that Mary is going next week to Mrs. Tylers* — I hope they will keep her for a good long visit —

This brings you much love from Rosey* & me — We are well & hope you are the same!!

[Mary *corrected*] is writing particulars —

Abba G. Fiske —

Notes

1892: This letter probably was composed between 1892 and 1896. Mentioning preaching and a Thanksgiving concert suggests that the letter was composed on a Sunday shortly before Thanksgiving. Mentioning Caroline Eastman but not her husband, suggests that the letter was written after Edwin Eastman's death in the Spring of 1892, but before Caroline Eastman's death in the spring of 1897.

Jewett was nearly always home for Thanksgiving during these years, but clearly she was away from home when Fiske wrote, for Fiske reports the South Berwick news. Jewett may have been in Boston on the Sunday preceding Thanksgiving in any of these years.

I have placed the letter in 1892 only because that is the earliest of the likely years.

Tucker: John Tucker. Key to Correspondents.

Mary: Jewett's South Berwick family, sisters Mary Rice and Carrie Eastman, and Carrie's son, Theodore. Key to Correspondents.

Lewis: Probably the children of Rev. George Lothrop Lewis. Key to Correspondents.

Tylers: Probably, Augusta Maria Denny Tyler. Key to Correspondents.

Rosey: The author of this letter is Abby/Abba Gilman Fiske. See Mary Walker Fiske in Key to Correspondents. Rosey has not yet been identified.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 2, Item 66 I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Lucia Gray Swett Alexander

4 December 1892
[*Begin letterhead*]
South Berwick, Maine
[*End letterhead*]

My dear Mrs Alexander*

How many times I have thought of you and wished to write and say so — to write the longest of letters full of questions and full of answers! I find myself making believe that I am sitting beside you in the corner of the drawing room — it is indeed lovely to me that I can make you visits in thought if not in reality, and remember all the beautiful surroundings outside and inside the windows. I am only sorry that I never went up to see Francesca's* roof garden!

It is the time of year when

[*Page 2*]

a roof garden in Boston would fare very ill. The snow keeps off pretty well but the winds blow and dust stings one's eyes ----- You see that I am now writing in town instead of at home in Berwick — and look at life from a townish point of view. I have come to Charles St. to make a short ceremonious visit to Mrs. Fields! but next month I hope to come for at least two or three weeks with boxes and bundles. I have been in the country nearly all the time since we landed, the first of October* — for both my sisters are lonely without

[*Page 3*]

me; one being quite alone, and the other who was left a widow* last spring with [*deletion*] ^one^ little son, finds it hard to pull her life together again and depends upon what we can do for her — The winter begins sadly. I missed my dear mother more than ever when I came back to the old house and to her empty room — — *

I have made one delightful visit to dear Aunt Mary Long* — your 'Mary Olivia' — and you cant think how eagerly she asked me all sorts of affectionate things about you and begged me to give you her dearest love and to say with what pleasure she [clings *corrected*]

[*Page 4*]

to the remembrance of your early friendship and how much she wished that she could see you. It seemed to me that I had not seen her looking so well for years, so bright and fresh and full of interest in everybody, and ready to hear all my experiences. She was never dearer or sweeter, but when we talked about singing, she insisted that she could only manage an alto now in church, but I do believe that she sings to her self sometimes and goes over the dear old ballads, and if I had another evening I should have beguiled her into

[*Page 5*]

trying some of them for me. She happened to tell me that she herself composed the air and accompaniment to that one you particularly like "Are we almost there" — I never knew this before. — — but indeed I should rather hear her play a song than most people sing it! As Mrs. Fields once said 'it takes so much more than a good voice to make a good singer!' and we are fortunate* (arent we?) who used to hear Aunt Mary sing the old Scottish and English songs — The house looks just as it always has since I can first remember it and the high teas are <u>just as good!!</u>

[*Page 6*]

I always feel like "a little girl" again when I go to Aunt Mary's.

— I am going on with this very rambling letter, at home after a little visit in Portland to my aunt Helen Gilman* (the widow of my uncle "Dr John") and she too was delighted to hear about you and your Francesca. Sometimes when I find your old friends hearts so warm with remembrance and how much they wish for you, I wish I had made you into a nice tidy bundle with white paper and a pretty string, and brought you right home with me !! — I must give

[*Page 7*]

a message from Elizabeth Cavazza ^(Jones)^ Anna Daveis's daughter — who has been for some occult reason a true Italian from her birth — she "sends love to Mifs Alexander and loves to remember when she sang "stornelli — "the first Italian voice I ever heard" — —

I am sending you a book of her stories for I know they will interest you both. I am begging her to go to Italy ^where she has never been^ and she means to go, and then you will see her.

I mean to go to Jamaica Plain [& *?*] see how the Swetts are, just as soon as I possibly can — and then I shall write to you again.

[*Page 8*]

I keep your silver pencil close at hand and your coin pin, and I keep many a loving thought of you in my heart. Are we not cousins always? as we used to say last spring. I hope that you have already seen Ellen and Ida,* and you must give them Mrs. Fields's love and mine and say how much we miss them.

Please find, both of you the Christmas wishes that I put into this letter. I hope the dear eyes are better? Mine are better but not quite well even yet.

Yours always lovingly Sarah Jewett

Notes

Alexander: A line has been penciled vertically through the first two and one half pages. Probably Jewett did not intend to delete this material. More likely, someone, perhaps Annie Fields, thought of publishing part of this letter, and considered this omission.

In the Houghton folder containing Jewett's letters to Alexander are several envelopes. One is addressed to Mary Jewett in South Berwick, cancelled in 1929, and labeled "Save ... Letters to Mrs Alexander S.O.J." A second is addressed to Mrs. Alexander in Florence, Italy, cancelled in Florence and in New York in September 1893; it is labeled on the back: "Miss S. O. Jewett September 1893." The third is addressed to Mrs. Alexander in Florence, cancelled in South Berwick on 10 December 1892 and in New York on 11 December; it is labeled on the back: Miss S. O. Jewett 4 December 1892."

Francesca's: Alexander's daughter. Key to Correspondents.

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

October: Jewett and Fields were traveling in Europe during much of 1892.

widow: Mary Rice Jewett and Carrie Jewett Eastman and her son, Theodore Jewett Eastman. Key to Correspondents. The Jewetts' mother, Caroline, died in October 1891.

room: The apparent deletion ends with this paragraph.

Mary Long: Mary Olivia Gilman Long. Key to Correspondents.

fortunate: The first 2/3 of this page also has a vertical line through it, ending here.

Elizabeth Cavazza: Elisabeth Jones Cavazza Pullen (1849-1926), a native of Portland, Maine, was early educated in music and Italian language and literature. In 1885 she married Signor Nino Cavazza, and in 1894 Stanley J. Pullen, an editor of the Portland *Daily Press*. She wrote music and literary criticism for that newspaper and for the *Literary World*, as well as two volumes of fiction. Her 1892 book was *Don Finimondone: Italian Sketches.*" Wikipedia.

stornelli: Short Italian street songs.

Swetts: Charlotte Swett of Exeter was the second wife of the historical Jonathan Hamilton (1745-1802), builder of the Hamilton House in South Berwick and a character in Jewett's novel, *The Tory Lover* (1901). After Hamilton's death, she married Governor John Taylor Gilman of Exeter, a great uncle of Mrs. Theodore Herman Jewett (Sarah O. Jewett's mother). Lucia Alexander was a descendant of Charlotte Swett's family.

Ellen and Ida: Ellen and Ida Mason. Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743.1 Sarah Orne Jewett Additional Correspondence II. Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, Box 4 (114).

Audrey Georgiana Florence Boyle Tennyson to Sarah Orne Jewett

Dec^ber^ 5^th^
1892*

[*Begin letterhead*]
Harringford
Freshwater
Isle of Wight.
[*End letterhead*]

Dear Mifs Jewett

In dating this letter I feel quite ashamed to think how long it is since I received your very kind one so full of heartfelt sympathy{.} But I am sure you will understand that it has not been

[*Page 2*]

from want of appreciation of your kind thoughts for us in our great sorrow, that has prevented my writing. My husband & I have been very busy chiefly writing ever since and shall be still for some time to come. It has been a great pleasure to us to know how

[*Page 3*]

many warm and devoted friends my dear Father in law has in America who really appreciate his worth. The blank he has left behind him, seems to make itself felt more every day and yet, we have so, so much to be thankful ^for^ that he was spared all the discomforts of old age by being taken home when he was, which he would

[*Page 4*]

have felt more keenly than most people, and the last days & hours of his life here were as calm and beautiful as we could have wished. My great hope is that my eldest boy whom you saw may remember his "Baba" as he also called him. My husband is wonderfully brave & good and my mother in law is extraordinarily well considering & her health has never suffered

[*Sideways from the left in the top margin of page 1*]

as we feared it might.

Thanking you for writing as you did

Believe me y^s^ sincerely

Audrey Tennyson

Notes

1892: This letter is written on black-edged mourning stationery, following the death on 6 October 1892 of British poet, Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892). Wikipedia.

His wife was Emily Sarah Sellwood (1813-1896); his elder son was Hallam Tennyson (1852-1928), whose first wife was Audrey Georgiana Florence Boyle (1854-1916), the author of this letter. Find a Grave.

In the folder with this letter is a black-edged envelope addressed to Jewett in South Berwick. It is cancelled at Isle of Wight on 8 December 1892 and in New York on 19 December. Written on the front in the upper left corner: America.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence, bMS Am 1743 Box 4, Item 208. I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett.

Sarah Orne Jewett to William Wilberforce Baldwin

South Berwick Maine
6 December 1892

Dear Doctor Baldwin

This is to wish you and your house a happy Christmas from M^rs^ Fields* and me — and to say that we remember seeing you with a very great pleasure that makes us always look forward to seeing you again{.}

I send on by way of

[*Page 2*]

token this small match-box from the Japanese shop which beguiles me most — It is not big enough to hold what you Florentines are pleased to call Scalas,* but perhaps it will hold a light to start now and then the fires of friendship — and cigars! Believe me

Yours ever sincerely
Sarah O. Jewett

[*Back of page 1, written at an upward angle on the lower half of the page*]

We have been at home about two months now and like our country enormously!

The picture book is for Mrs. Fields intimate friend {.}

Was his dear name [Shorty *?*] ?*

Notes

1892: Penciled at the top of page 1: a circled number 3 and "SARAH O. JEWETT".

Associated with the letter is an envelope also with a penciled and circled number 3.

The envelope cannot belong with the letter, though a note appears on the back indicating that it does: "S. O. Jewett" in ink. Also on the back flap is "1860". Though it is addressed to Dr. Baldwin, Via del Moro, Florence, Italy., it bears an Italian postage stamp, indicating that the envelope was mailed in Italy, while the letter is dated from South Berwick. The front and back cancellations indicate that it was mailed from Bellagio to Florence.

The front cancellation reads: "Bellagio 1 MAG 83." The back cancellation seems to read: "3 5 - 83 8 M". The envelope then is from early May/Maggio 1883.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

Scalas: Literally, in Italian, this means stairs or stairways. Jewett seems to indicate that in Florence the word was used to refer to large matches as well.

Shorty: This transcription is very uncertain. Jewett's uncertainty about the nickname and the picture book as a gift suggest she refers to a child.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Morgan Library & Museum. MA 2971. Record ID: 189701 Accession Number: MA 3564.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Horace Granville Leslie*

Boston 18 December
[*1892*]*

Dear Doctor Leslie

I was so sorry that I could not wait yesterday afternoon to see you again and to tell you how beautiful your short address was to me — It touched my heart, and seemed to me exactly what our dear friend would have liked best — I thank you sincerely for the great pleasure I had in listening

[*Page 2*]

to what you said.

I am sure that you miss Mr. Whittier* more and more, as — in truth — all his best friends must. He so often spoke of you, and always with such warmth of appreciation and interest that the evening I spent with you once is like a long friendship, or, I ought to say, part of a long friendship. I hope

[*Page 3*]

that some day I may see you again if only that we may have the pleasure of talking about our dear old friend. Believe me, with great regard

Yours most truly,
Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

Dr. Leslie: Horace Granville Leslie (1842-1907), a physician and poet, served as a surgeon in the Civil War. See *The Granite Monthly: A New Hampshire Magazine*, Volume 39 (1907), p. 326.

1892: This date appears penciled in another hand, added presumably because this was the year of John Greenleaf Whittier's death. Whittier's birthday was 17 December.

The manuscript of this letter held by the Miller Library Special Collections at Colby College, Waterville, ME. JEWE.1.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Robert Underwood Johnson

21 December
[*1892*]*
[*Begin Letterhead*]
South Berwick.
Maine.
[*End Letterhead*]

My dear friend

I thank you over and over again for the great pleasure I have had in your lovely book of poems.* and I thank you most for your kind remembrance. I cannot tell you with what feeling I read again the pages that I knew last spring in Venice and some of the lines of

[*Page 2*]

The Winter Hour* belong to my life as much as to yours. I shall [be *blotted, perhaps corrected*] always reading between those dear lines and remembering days that we both remember.*

I did not need them to recall our friendship: but I put your white flower of a book into the safest place. I know how dear The Winter Hour must be to your wife — it made

[*Page 3*]

it doubly beautiful to me because I knew something of your life together. God bless you both dear friends! I send you my best Christmas wish and I wish for thyself that I may be so

fortunate as to see you sometimes in the New Year.

I saw Mrs. Fields* a day or two ago and found her pretty well — We talked of

[*Page 4*]

you then — we are pretty sure to think of you when we think of the spring and summer in Italy and France — — I envy you the pleasure that your white book will give to every one, and so bring back to you — Pray believe me always your sincere and affectionate friend

Sarah O. Jewett

Notes

1892: Richard Cary assigned the letter this date; his rationale seems clear in his note below.

poems: Johnson's *The Winter Hour, and Other Poems* (1892).

The Winter Hour: It is not clear that this underlining is Jewett's. This also is the case when the title is repeated on page 2.

remember: Richard Cary's note:
On their second trip to Europe in the summer of 1892 Miss Jewett and Mrs. Fields crossed the ocean on the steamer *Werra* with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, then toured Italy and France together. Miss Jewett met Mark Twain in Venice, Madame Blanc and Brunetière in Paris, continued on to England where she romped with George Du Maurier's delightful dog at Whitby, and paid more formal calls on Tennyson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Matthew Arnold's family.

Miss Jewett's friendship with Horace E. Scudder was genuine and lifelong, but a conversation reported by Johnson in his *Remembered Yesterdays* (Boston, 1929), 392, reveals one of her thoroughly human traits: "I remember she had a dislike for Horace Scudder, one-time editor of the *Atlantic,* apropos of whom she said to me, 'What a strange world this is!' — and then with a rapid zigzag forward gesture of her hand, — 'full of scudders and things.' "

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

The manuscript of this letter is held by Colby College Special Collections, Waterville, ME: JEWE.1. Richard Cary included his transcription in *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters.* New transcription and notes.

Robert Collyer to Annie Adams Fields

[*24 December 1892*]

Dear Friend

This brings all the good wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year and for many more to follow. You dwell always in my heart for auld lang syne* and for the brightness you have brought into the later years{.}

In love always yours
Robert Collyer
New York Dec 24th 1892

Notes

auld lang syne: Loose translation from Scots: for old times' sake.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda Box 10: mss FI 1-5637.

Marie Thérèse de Solms Blanc to Annie Adams Fields

Paris, 24 December [*1892*]*

Dear Mrs. Fields, I send you my very devoted and tender thoughts at the end of the year{.} For me 1892 will remain a year marked with a white cross, despite much sadness, for I have had the happiness of knowing you, of spending intimate days with you such as come to pass too rarely. I cannot overstate how sweet to me has been the constant memory of you since your departure, now already four months ago. How grateful I am for your dear letters! On my worktable are poems written in your hand; to look at them impresses me as if I should shake this friend's hand, "artful work," as Montaigne* says. You will speak to me about my Japanese

[*Page 2*]

— German — American citizen of the world.* In you he recognized an exquisite feminine type, the best, that he can understand quite well, in spite of a certain overflow of sensualism (idealized as well) that characterizes his disorderly work. Has he decided to show you his so-called Christ? There is an Oriental sense, a certain flavor of the desert, that impresses many good judges here, but his subject is such that Christian souls cannot agree with it. He had written me that he did not dare show you this script, in which he surpasses the audacity of his

master, Walt Whitman;* I would like to know if he really is bolder and what you actually make of this bizarre being, who unites

[*Page 3*]

the gifts of several races in such a composite skin, how you judge his intellect.

Will your translation of "The Centaur"* appear in a book? What are you working on right now? For my part, I gave the *Fortnightly Review* a small anonymous article on our most delightful women's arts exhibition, after the appearance in the *Revue* of *Annette's Godfather** and of [*unrecognized title*] in the *Debates*;* not to mention a few other articles in progress. I will have completed much this year, despite my poor eyes, which always worry me greatly.

I returned to Paris barely 20 days ago, having taken winter excursions in the Nivernais, in Burgundy and in the Marval — the granite mountains were beautiful despite the snow, and until it fell

[*Page 4*]

the autumn hunting had drawn to all their old castles a large society within which I could isolate myself. Then I went to Dijon, to help the widow of my old friend Mr. Milsand* to put her husband's papers in order. They will be published soon. I told you about this great soul with American origins; the Milsands must have come to France in the 18th century, with Law. — His family has a Renaissance great house that looks like it was detached from the castle of Heidelberg, with a sculpted façade, foliated and flowered miraculously. But how cold it was on those old stone stairs!

After long days of fog we are having nice dry and freezing weather, which is better. Paris is as pretty as if it were not sad and weighed down by many political and financial troubles.

[*Page 5*]

Please remember, if some friends of yours are coming to Paris, some excellent information about boarding.

For those who would like the quarter of St. Germain,* an area of schools and workers, but close to the Louvre: Mrs. and Mrs. Alliou,* 23 rue de Verneuil. Alliou is the editor-in-chief of the Recreation Magazine with Hetzel,* an intelligent atmosphere with all the books and magazines, and if a young woman needed someone to accompany her for shopping or lessons, Mrs. Alliou could act as a mother — 10 francs per day – on the third floor, overlooking the garden.

[*Page 6*]

For a young man ^student^ this would be equally ideal, 300 francs per month, well-furnished and much more elegant, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hippolyte Fournier,* the husband a well-known critic and lawyer, the wife very brilliant and charming. Financial misfortune leads them to take 3 or 4 boarders during the summer in St. Germain-en-Laye, 2nd rue de Lorraine, where they have a delicious property, and they winter in Paris [*unrecognized phrase*] but they will move to the Champs Élysées. With them as with Mr. Alliou, breakfast is served American style, with two more hearty meals, including wine of course.

[*Cross-written down the left margin of page 6*]

Please tell your acquaintances about this — it will be a service to them, I believe. They may say that I referred them.

[*Cross-written down the left margin of page 4*]

I send you, dear friend, my most tender wishes and regards from my son*

ThBlanc

Notes

1892: After years of corresponding, Blanc met Fields and Sarah Orne Jewett face-to-face for the first time in the summer of 1892. This letter opens referring to this first encounter.

Montaigne: French author, Michel Eyquem de Montaigne (1533-1592).

citizen of the world: Japanese-German-American critic and poet, Carl Sadakichi Hartmann (1867-1944). See also Photography and Criticism CyberArchive. Blanc refers to what became Hartmann's first book, *Christ: A Dramatic Poem in Three Acts* (1893).

Whitman: American poet, Walt Whitman (1819-1892).

"The Centaur": A prose-poem by the French poet, Maurice de Guérin (1810-1839). Annie Fields's essay and translation, entitled "Guérin's Centaur," appeared in *Scribner's* (August 1892, pp. 224-32). With the piece were two drawings of centaurs by French academic painter, Charles Édouard Delort (1841-1895). This work was not reprinted as a book.

Annette's Godfather: *Le Parrain d'Annette* (*Annette's Godfather*, 1893), a novel by Th. Bentzon. The book was serialized in *Revue des Deux Mondes* in September of 1892.

Debates: *Journal des Débats Politiques et Littéraires.* To which article Blanc refers is not yet known.

Milsand: Joseph Antoine Milsand (1817-1886), French critic, philosopher, Protestant theologian, and a close friend of British poet, Robert Browning (1812-1889). His *Littérature Anglaise et Philosophie* appeared in 1893.

Blanc's essay "A French Friend of Browning — Joseph Milsand" appeared in *Scribner's* XX (July 1896), 108-120.

Law: Scottish economist, John Law (1671-1729) became infamous for the "Mississippi Bubble," a series of financial transactions that led to the collapse of the French Banque Générale.

Alliou: In 1898, Auguste Alliou appeared on the masthead as "Secrétaire de la Rédaction" of *Magasin d'éducation et de récréation: Journal de Toute la Famille* (Volume 3). This probably is the person to whom Blanc refers, as Th. Bentzon also appears on the list of "récréation" contributors.

Alliou also appears on the internet as a collaborator in the publication of work by Jules Verne.

Hetzel: Pierre-Jules Hetzel (1814-1886) was a publisher, editor and author, best remembered for publishing elaborate editions of the works of French author, Jules Verne (1828-1905). Presumably, Blanc refers to his son, author and editor Louis Jules Hetzel (1847-1930), who took over the family publishing business after his father's death.

Hippolyte Fournier: Almost certainly this is Hippolyte Fournier (1831-190?), author of fiction and criticism, editor and lawyer. See the Bibliothèque Nationale de France.

son: For Blanc's son, Édouard Blanc, see Blanc in Key to Correspondents.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Huntington Library, San Marino, CA, in the James T. Fields Papers and Addenda mss FI 1-5637, Box 5.

Transcription

Paris, 24 Décembre

Chère Mrs Fields, Je vous envoie
mes pensées bien dévouées et
bien tendres en cette fin d'année{.}
1892 restera pour moi, malgré
beaucoup de tristesses, marquée d'une
croix blanche, car je lui ai
dû le bonheur de vous
connaître, de vous bien posséder
dans des journées l'intimité
telles qu'il est donné trop
rarement d'en [passer *?*]. Je
ne puis vous dire assez combien
votre constant souvenir depuis
[ce *or* le] départ, qui remonte à quatre
mois déjà, m'a été doux.
Comme je suis reconnaissante
de vos chères lettres! J'ai sur
mon table de travail des vers écrits
de votre main; les regarder me
faisais la même impression que
si je la serrais cette main
amie, ["ouvrière l'art" *?*] comme dit Montaigne.
Vous me parlerez de mon japonais

[*Page 2*]

— allemand — américain,
citoyen du monde. Il a
reconnu en vous un type
exquis du féminin ^le meilleur^ qu'il
sait très bien comprendre
malgré un certain débordement
de sensualisme (idéaliste
d'ailleurs) qui caractérise son
oeuvre désordonnée. S'est-il
décidé à vous communiquer le ^prétendu^
Christ?
Il y a un sentiment de
l'Orient, une certaine peinture
du désert qui ont beaucoup
frappé ici des bons juges, mais
le sujet est tel que des âmes
chrétiennes n'en peuvent
prendre leur parti! Il m'a
écrit qu'il n'osait vous
montrer drame où les
audaces de son maître
Walt Whitman sont dépassées, je voudrais bien
savoir
s'il s'est enhardi et ce
que vous pensez en somme
de cet être bizarre qui réunît

[*Page 3*]

les dons de plusieurs races dans
une enveloppe aussi composite
que paraît l'être son intelligence.
Votre traduction du Centaure

paraîtra-t-elle en volume?
Que faites-vous en ce moment?
J'ai, quant à moi, donné à
la Fortnightly un petit article
anonyme sur [notre *?*] très joie
exposition des arts de la femme
depuis la publication dans la
Revue du Parrain d'Annette
et celle du [*unrecognized name*] dans les
Débats; sans parler de [q.q. *for* quelques]
articles en préparation. J'aurai
beaucoup travaillé cette année
et dépit de mes pauvres
yeux qui sont toujours
mon gros souci. — A peine
suis-Je rentrée à Paris depuis
une vingtaine de jours, ayant
fait des [réfugiature *?*] d'hiver en
Nivernais, en Bourgoyne et
dans le Marvau — Les montagnes —
^granitiques^ étaient belles malgré la neige, et
^jusqu'a à ce qu'elle tombait,^

[*Page 4*]

la chasse à courre ^avait^ réuni
dans tous ces vieux châteaux
une société nombreuse aux
milieu de laquelle je pouvaîs
m'isoler. Puis je suis allée à
Dijon, aider la veuve de mon
vieil ami M. Milsand à mettre
en ordre des papiers de son
mari qui seront publiés bientôt.
Je vous ai parlé de cet esprit
supérieur qui avait des origines
américaines les Milsand ayant
dû venir en France, au 18^{e} S,
avec Law.* — - Sa famille
possède à Dijon un hôtel
de la Renaissance qui a l'air
d'un morceau détaché du château
de Heidelberg, avec une façade
sculptée, feuillée, fleurie à miracle.
Mais qu'il faisait froid sur ces
vieux escaliers de pierre!
Après de longs jours de brouillard
nous avons un beau temps sec
et glacial qui vaut mieux.
Paris est aussi joli que s'il n'était
pas triste et sous le coup de bien des
embarras tout politiques que financiers{.}

[*Page 5*]

Veuillez-vous rappeler si
[q.q. *for* quelques] amis à vous [viennent *?*]
à Paris d'excellentes indications
de board.
Pour des personnes que
voudraient le [fs *?*] St Germain,
le quartier des écoles, du
travail avec cependant
le proche voisinage du
Louvre: M. et M^{me} Alliou
23 rue de Verneuil.
Alliou est le rédacteur
en chef du Magasin de
récréation chez Hetzel
milieu intelligent, tous les
livres et revues [et au *?*]
besoin s'il s'agissait
d'une jeune fille à
conduire à des courses ou
leçons les soins maternels
de M^{me} Alliou. 10 fr
par jour — au 3^{e} vue sur des jardins{.}

[*Page 6*]

Pour un jeune homme ^[Student ?]^ ce serait la
[perfection *?*]
également 300 fr. par
mois, très bonne installation
beaucoup plus élégante
chez M et M^{me} Hippolyte
Fournier, le mari critique
bien connu et avocat.
La femme très brillante
et très aimable, des revers
de fortune les décident à
prendre 3 ou 4 pensionnaires
l'été à S^{t} Germain en
Laye, 2nd rue de Lorraine
où ils ont une délicieuse
propriété et l'hiver
à Paris [*unrecognized phrase*] mais
^ils vont déménager aux Champs Élysées.^
Chez eux comme chez M. Alliou premier
déjeuner
[sobile *?*] à l'américaine
deux autres repas copieux
vin compris, bien entendu{.}

[*Cross-written down the left margin of page 6*]

Je vous prie d'en parler à vos connaissances {
— }
ce sera leur rendre service, je crois. [Et *?*] aller
de ma part.

[*Cross-written down the left margin of page 4*]

Je vous adresse, chère amie, mes voeux les
plus tendres et
les respects de mon fils ThBlanc

George Du Maurier to Sarah Orne Jewett

[*Begin letterhead*]
New Grove House
Hampstead Heath.
[*End letterhead*]

Dec 26. '92

Dear Mifs Jewett,

Very many thanks for your most kind remembrance of us — it was delightful to hear from you, & to be told that Mrs Fields* & yourself hold us in your memory so warmly.

Thanks also for the portrait of dear O W H,* which must be excellent in the original. The photograph reminds me a little

[*Page 2*]

of the late Dean Stanley* — Has the likeness ever been noticed before?

Yesterday was a happy Xmas day for us — for we have been in dreadful trouble & [anxiety *?*] since we saw you. Our son-in-law, Charlie Millar,* lay ill of brain & typhoid fever in [Florida *?*] for forty-six days! so ill that his recovery is a Miracle — he has just come back, weak indeed, but out of all danger, & dined with us yesterday — a [quite unlooked for piece *?*] of good fortune.

[*Page 3*]

I have lent your delightful book* to Canon [Ainger *?*]* (at his own request) and so far it seems to have pleased him as much as it pleased us.

Harpers have taken my new book* and I have begun the illustrations which interest me immensely — I shall have a year to do them in as "Trilby" (that's the name) cannot appear in the magazine till '94 — probably '95 — which I fear is a little late. It will be very [thickly *?*] illustrated if all goes

[*Page 4*]

well with me. I very sincerely hope that both drawings & [letterpress *?*] will find favour in your eyes. The publishers seem anyhow well pleased with this story.

I can think of no greater joy than writing a story & then illustrating it oneself!

You will both be coming over again I trust — How charming if you would live some little while in Whitby & learn to love it as Lowell* did, & I & mine do!

With our kindest new year wishes to Mrs Fields & yourself I remain

ever very sincerely yours
George du Maurier

My wife is quite strong again.

Notes

Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

O.W.H:: Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. Key to Correspondents.

Dean Stanley: Anglican priest and church historian, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley (1815-1881). Wikipedia.

Millar: du Maurier's eldest daughter, Beatrix (1864-1913) married Charles Christian Hoyer Millar (1860-1942).

book: Jewett's most recent books at this time had appeared in 1890. In a letter of 9 September 1891, du Maurier thanked Jewett for a copy of *Strangers and Wayfarers*. Also appearing that year were *Betty Leicester* and *Tales of New England*.

Ainger: This transcription is very uncertain. If du Maurier has written Ainger, then he may refer to the English biographer Alfred Ainger (1837-1904). Wikipedia.

new book: du Maurier's *Trilby* appeared in 1894.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University: Sarah Orne Jewett Correspondence Series: I. Letters to Sarah Orne Jewett MS Am 1743 (53) Du Maurier, George, 1834-1896. 4 letters; 1891-1893. This transcription is from a photocopy held by the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Box 4, Folder 159, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Mary Rice Jewett

Wednesday morning
[*28 December 1892*]*

Dear Mary

Another lovely day and it seems strange not to have you here. I ought at this time to hear great laughter below stairs. I miss you very much and Mrs. Fields* said she did before you had been gone twenty minutes! Mrs. Whitman* came in

just after you left and had been to Trinity but was little profited by the sermon of her rector and speaked very unsympathetic of his efforts! Then it came early dinner time and hearing of goose below I mustered and went down and had a good dinny with a plum pudding and Mrs. Fields was much pleased and I none the worse and stayed down until eight o'clock or after and we had tea up in the library and the screen looked more and more lovely with a bright fire. A package came from Mrs. Claflin* with a little worked linen photograph frame for me and a little silver paper cutter for A.F. & Mary Garrett* sent a piece of Eastern pottery and of old Indian silk and a Rossetti photograph.* I think that was all after you left.

Dr. Morton* was here just before you went away, and Judy* came in and was sorry not to see you but received thanks for her napkins and bestowed them in her turn, and was so funny about T. Sarah* that I nearly died laughing. S.S.* had great Christmas and we were commenting on her return to Boston. "Yes, I thought she would get tired of it" said Judy. And last winter there were times. However I wasn't going to worry about the future. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."* The other day she was dining with us and she said Sister Lizzie was too old to be knocking about Europe!* Mr. Beal* said 'What do you think of that! after she went away."

I thought you ought to share these particulars, but Judy was so funny and dear relating them. I must write another note or two so good bye with much love to all. I shall get down stairs before long as I did yesterday. I hope you got home all right with your bungles.*

Sarah

Notes

28 December 1892: A handwritten note on this transcription reads: 189-. This tentative date is based upon the implication that Annie Fields's sister, Sarah Adams, has recently returned from her long residence in Germany, an event that took place in 1892. The Wednesday after Christmas in 1892, was 28 December.

Mrs. Fields: Annie Adams Fields.

Mrs. Whitman: Sarah Wyman Whitman.

Mrs. Claflin: Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin. Key to Correspondents.

Mary Garrett: Key to Correspondents.

Rossetti photograph: Presumably, this is of the English poet, Christina Rossetti (1830-1894), but it could be of her brother, poet and artist, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882).

Dr. Morton: Dr. Helen Morton. Key to Correspondents.

Judy: While this has not been confirmed, it seems likely that this is Judith Drew Beal, stepdaughter of Annie Fields's sister, Louisa Adams Beal. See Annie Fields in Key to Correspondents.

T. Sarah: In this context, Jewett may refer to Annie Fields's sister, Sarah Holland Adams, or perhaps to Sara Holland, wife of Fields's cousin, Arthur Holland. Key to Correspondents.

S.S.: Possibly meaning Sister Sarah in reference to Sarah Holland Adams? She returned to Boston in 1892 from a long residence in Germany. See Gollin, *Annie Adams Fields* pp. 12-14.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.: See the Bible, Matthew 6:34.

Sister Lizzie was too old to be knocking about Europe! ... Mr. Beal: Mr. Beal is James Henry Beal, husband of Louisa Adams. Sister Lizzie, presumably, is Elizabeth Adams, older sister of Annie Fields. See Annie Fields in Key to Correspondents.

bungles: Playfully meaning bundles?

This text is from transcriptions from mixed repositories in the Maine Women Writer's Collection, University of New England, Letters from Sarah Orne Jewett, 1875-1890, Folder 73, Burton Trafton Jewett Research Collection.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Elizabeth Hussey Whittier (Mrs. S. T.) Pickard

South Berwick Maine
31 December 1892

Dear Mrs Pickard

I thank you so much for the knife which came while I was in Boston for a day or two, so that I am late in acknowledging it — perhaps I should not have asked for it back again but I have a feeling that it meant so much more to me than it possibly

[*Page 2*]

could to anybody else and I thought you would not mind!

I hope that you will soon be able to put by the hurry and press of all these affairs which must be so sad to you* and keep you so busy — Do take care of your dear self! I know by experience that one does not feel such a strain at first, there is a certain excitement that helps ones strength to last, but a few months afterward

[*Page 3*]

nature insists upon being paid and then it is very hard to feel unstrung and unequal to everything — So do rest, the very best you can! — as you go along —

I have not forgotten about sending the letters* I had from your uncle, but I have not found time yet to make a thorough search for them. I never have filed letters as most people do, and while I know pretty well where I

[*Page 4*]

put the ones for which I care most they do stray about a good deal in two or three different [boxes *?*] here and in Boston. I am sure you will like Mrs. Fields's paper.* Of course while he was writing so steadily to her, I was so often with her that I did not write too — and was always afraid of overburdening him with letters to be answered. I was so sorry about that rainy day in Portland{.} I wanted to say things that we cannot write, but I shall hope to see you and Mr. Pickard some other time. I send you my warmest

[*Up the left margin of page 1*]

and best wishes for a happy new year, and beg you to believe me always yours sincerely.

Sarah O. Jewett

[*Up the left margin, then down the top margin of page 4*]

My sister asks to be most kindly remembered{.} You do not know how I love my dear picture of the marsh.

Notes

sad to you: Pickard's uncle, American poet John Greenleaf Whittier died on 7 September 1892.

the letters: Samuel T. Pickard, with assistance from his wife, brought out *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* in 1894.

Mrs. Fields's paper: Annie Adams Fields (see Key to Correspondents) published her book *Whittier: Notes of His life and of his Friendships* in 1893.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Small Library, University of Virginia, Special Collections MSS 6218, Sarah Orne Jewett Papers. The first page of the letter is bordered in black.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Sarah Wyman Whitman

Monday
[*1892 - 1895*]*

It is orful nice to get your letter this morning dear — Yes of course the one o'clock train which I shall board at half past three like a privateer. For me, I shall carry a large Inkstand* said to be of the Empire: but well timbered and capable of quarts of various coloured inks. One approaches it

[*Page 2*]

by a flight of steps as if it were a classic four-poster bed of Elizabeth's* reign . . .

The great visit of Theodore* and the boy ended last night at six. They had good appetites, and they went out and came in ever so many times

[*Page 3*]

as boys do — they saw the Pigeons from time to time and lingered in the stable and took walks and drives and when they spoke it was nearly always of great subjects of athletics and the danger of other fellows not passing their finals. We liked Laurie Endicott* whom we had not seen before — he has nice eyes and a really

[*Page 4*]

charming wise and quiet way. And he has such uncommon truthfulness in his way of speaking that it delights my heart to remember it.

This must now over to the post office but I send love to give a poor letter wings.

S.O.J.

Notes

1892 - 1895: This is a guess at a range of dates. Jewett makes nephew Theodore sound quite young and apparently often in Jewett's home. I speculate that the events Jewett describes took place after the March 1892 death of his father and before he turned 16 in 1895. Key to Correspondents. I place it in 1892, as the earliest probable date.

Inkstand: Jewett has written this word in enlarged letters.

Elizabeth's: Probably Jewett refers to England's Queen Elizabeth I (1533-1603). Wikipedia.

Laurie Endicott: This person has not yet been identified. Theodore received a letter from "Lawrie" when travelling with Jewett and others in Europe. See Jewett to Whitman of 2 August 1898.

The manuscript of this letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University, Cambridge, MA. bMS Am 1743 Box 6, Item 277.

Sarah Orne Jewett to Annie Adams Fields

Thursday evening
[*1892 or early 1893**]

Dearest Annie

How good you are with ^sending^ all your little letters and telling me what is going on in those and you own dear letters. They all seem short no matter how long they are! and I feel us talking over those that you send from other people. Which is a breathless sentence as of one in a hurry. — I must tell you such a funny thing: Day before yesterday I got thinking of dear Miss Blythe and

[*Page 2*]

Miss Leigh Smith and at last I remembered that there are things about them in Mary Howitts Life* and so I hunted that up and had a lovely time reading it, for friendships sake and my mind was still flying their way when I found the letter in your envelope last night! It was just one of those things! What an exquisite letter it is. We must write her soon mustn't we? At any rate I wish to tell her this before I forget it. Mrs. Alexander sends you her love

[*Page 3*]

and Francesca's.* I'll send the letters in a day or two, but it will be such a 'moment' to Aunt Mary Long of pleasure in remembering old times — She always has it with every letter and sends the same messages back. They correspond through me as it were. Mrs. Alexander sends her paper about the soup kitchens at [Bellagra *?*] which somebody has had printed for her (in the Evening Post I should think.) You know we had it when we were there. I should

[*Page 4*]

think that was a pretty poor committee about [Haverhill *?*]* — most of them setting by theirselves and wishing to prove their own theories a little too much. At least not the best committee that could be scared up. But talking over is ^always^ good — it is acting in too much of a hurry that puts things back. You cant do much usually except to take off the hindrances to things that can work themselves out if they are left alone — like lifting a stone off a tuft of grass — You can lift the stones but the grass has got to do its own growing.

[2 *circled in bottom left corner, in another hand.*]

[*Up the left margin and in the top margin of page 1*]

and nobody can [make *may be underlined*] the life that [must *written over something*] be in the grass itself. But it seems to me many people try to do that instead of the other thing. I have so much thought of what you said. I must say good bye now — it will be late for the mail. With dear love[,] Pinny

Notes

1892 or early 1893: Jewett seems to imply that she and Fields have visited the Alexander family in Italy prior to composing this letter. As she has been re-reading the life of Mary Botham Howitt, published in 1889, it seems quite likely that she is writing after their 1892 trip to Europe. However, they also visited Italy in 1900, and given the information available at this time, the letter may not have been composed until after the 1900 voyage. However, grounded shakily in the mention of the Haverhill meeting, which *may* have been about the disposition of the John Greenleaf Whittier homestead after his September 1892 death, this letter is tentatively dated in that year. See notes below for details.

Miss Blythe ... Miss Leigh Smith ... Mary Howitts Life: Anna Mary Howitt Watts (18241884) was "an English painter, writer and feminist." Her mother was Mary Botham Howitt (17991888), an English poet and author of the famous poem "The Spider and the Fly."

Among Anna's friends was Barbara Leigh Smith, Madame Bodichon (18271891), who "was one of the foremost founders of the women's rights movement in Britain."

Miss Blythe is Isabella Blythe, who was the domestic partner of Barbara Leigh Smith's sister,

Anna (Nannie) Leigh-Smith (1831-1919). See *Barbara Leigh Smith Bodichon: Feminist, Artist and Rebel* (2010) by Pam Hirsch.

Probably Jewett was reading *Mary Howitt: An Autobiography,* Volume 2 (1889), by Margaret Howitt Mary's daughter and Anna's sister. See pp. 348-58.

Mrs. Alexander ... Francesca ... soup kitchens: Jewett wrote to Mrs. Alexander on 4 December 1892, recalling her and Fields's recent visit while they were in Europe.

Frances / Fanny "Francesca" Alexander (1837-1917) was an American illustrator, author, and translator. Her mother was Lucia Gray Swett (Mrs. Francis) Alexander (1814-1916), also a translator from Italian to English. Wikipedia identifies her father, the American portrait painter, Francis Alexander (1800-1880). In the 1850s, they moved from Boston to Florence. In 1882 Francesca met John Ruskin, becoming his friend and correspondent until his death in 1900.

The Schlesinger Library sketch of the family notes:

In Florence the Alexanders moved among the social, cultural and ecclesiastical elite of northern Italy, and entertained distinguished visitors from overseas. Esther Frances Alexander devoted herself to art and to charity among the Tuscan peasants: some of them considered her a saint. International celebrity came to her with the close friendship that developed in 1882 between the Alexander women and John Ruskin. The English art critic bought Esther Frances Alexander's illustrated manuscript, "Roadside Songs of Tuscany" (published 1883); edited "Christ's Folk in the Apennines" (1887-1889); and discussed her drawing in his Slade Lectures at Oxford. "Tuscan Songs" (1897) and "The Hidden Servants and Other Very Old Stories" (1900) also sold well. In 1905 at the age of ninety, Lucia Gray Alexander published "Il Libro de Oro," a collection of saints' legends. She died in 1916 in Florence. Francesca, who had been dominated and protected by her mother all her life, died there in January 1917.

Mrs. Alexander's paper on soup kitchens has not been located.

As there is no such place as Bellagra, it is possible that Jewett refers to Bellegra, an area within the city of Rome. Jewett seems to suggest here that she and Fields saw Mrs. Alexander's paper when they were "there," that is, in Italy. They visited Italy together three other times, in 1882, 1890 and 1900.

Aunt Mary Long: Key to Correspondents. The circumstances under which Long became acquainted with the Alexanders are unknown.

Haverhill: What this meeting was about remains undiscovered. Though this is purely speculative at this time, it is notable that John Greenleaf Whittier's homestead and birthplace was in Haverhill, MA. If this letter was composed after Whittier's death on 7 September 1892, then it is possible that the Haverhill meeting had something to do with decisions about preserving his birthplace, which opened to the public in 1893. It may even have been a meeting of the Haverhill Whittier Club. Founded in 1886, the Haverhill Whittier Club received the Whittier Homestead as a gift with the understanding that it would become a memorial museum. Though this has not been established, it is likely that Annie Fields was among those involved in the initial planning of the memorial. See Jewett's letter to Mary Bucklin Davenport Claflin of 2 January 1893.

The manuscript of the letter is held by the Houghton Library of Harvard University. Jewett, Sarah Orne, 1849-1909. 40 letters to Annie (Adams) Fields (no date). Sarah Orne Jewett additional correspondence, 1868-1930. MS Am 1743.1 (117).